Sir Thomas Overburie
HIS WIFE,

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With

NEW ELEGIES

vpon his (now knowne)

untimely death.

Whereunto are annexed, new Newes and Characters, written by himselfe and other learned *Gentlemen.*

Editio Septima.

LONDON,

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To the Reader.

THE generall acceptance of this matchleſſe *Poem* the *Wife*, (written by SIR *Thomas Overbury*) is ſufficiently approued by many, the worth whereof if any other, out of malice, ſhall neglect to commend, hee may well (if it proceed, from nice Criticiſme) be excluded as a Churliſh Retainer to the MVSES: if from direct plaine dealing, he ſhall be degraded for inſufficiencie. For had ſuch a *Poem*

beene extant among the ancient Romanes, although they wanted our easie conseruations of wit by printing, they would haue cõmitted it to brasse lest iniurions time might depriue it of due eternitie; If to cõuerse with a Creature so amiable as is here described, be thought difficult; let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added many *Elegies* of his vntimely death, and *Characters* and *Newes* written by himselfe and others his friends. How soeuer, they are now exposed, not only to the Iudicious, but to all that cary the least scruple of mother wit about them.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui— Mar.

Lau: L'isle.

Elegies of ſeuerall Authors, on the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerburie* poyſoned in the Tower.

Vpon the vntimely death of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie.*

T'would eaſe our Sorrowes, t'would releaſe our Teares,
Could we but heare thoſe high celeſtiall Spheares,
Once tune their Motions to a daleſull ſtraine
In ſympathie of what we Mortalls plaine,
Or ſee their faire Intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when blacke Deeds, ſo ſtrange,
As might force pittie from the heart of Hell
Are hatch'd by Monſters, which among vs dwell:
The Starres me thinks, like Men inclin'd to ſleepe,
Should through their chryſtall caſements ſcarcely peepe,
Or at leaſt view vs but with halfe an eye,
For feare their chaſter Influence *might deſcry*
Some murdering hand, eaded in guiltleſſe blood,
Blending vile iuices to deſtroy the good.
The Sunne ſhould wed his Beames to endles Night,
And in dull darkneſſe canopie his Light,
When from the ranke ſtewes of adulterous Breſts,
Where euery baſe vnhallowed Proiect reſts,

Is beleiht, as in defiance of his ſhine,
A ſteame, might make euen Death it ſelfe to pine.
But theſe things happen ſtill; but ne're more cleare,
Nor with more luſtre did theſe Lampes appeare:
Mercurie *capers with a winged heele,*
As if he did no touch of ſorrow feele,
And yet he ſees a true Mercurian killd,
Whoſe birth his Manſion with much honour filld.
But let me not miſtake thoſe Powers aboue,
Nor taxe iniuriouſly thoſe Courts of Ioue;
Surely, they ioy to ſee theſe Acts reueald,
Which in blinde ſilence haue bin long conceald;
And Virtue now triumphant; whil'ſt we mourne
To thinke that ere ſhee was foule Vices ſcorne:
Or that poore Ouer-buries *blood was made*
A ſacrifice to Malice and darke ſhade.
Weſton *thy Hand that* Couvre-feu Bell *did ſway,*
Which did his life to endles ſleepe conuay.
But reſt thou where thou art; Ile ſeeke no glorie
By the relation of ſo ſad a ſtorie.
If any more were prinie to the Deed,
And for the Crime muſt be adiudg'd to bleed,
To Heauen I pray, with heau'd-vp Hands and Eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their Soules may riſe.
And as thoſe equally turne to one Duſt,
So theſe alike may ſhine among the Iuſt.
And there make vp one glorious conſtellation,
Who ſuffred here in ſuch a differing faſhion.

D. T.

To the Memorie of that generally bewailed Gentleman, Sr. *Thomas Ouerburie.*

BVt that w'are bound in Christian pietie
To wish Gods will be done; and Destinie
(In all that happs to Men, or Good, or Ill)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored Will; (Breath,
Me thinks, t'obserue how Vertue drawes faint
Subiect to slanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wise men kept low, others aduanc'd to State,
Right check't by wrong, and Ill men fortunate;
These mou'd Effects, from an vnmoued Cause,
Might shake the firmest Faith; Heauens fixed Lawes
Might casuall seeme, and each irregular Sence
Spurne at iust Order, blame Gods Prouidence.
But what is Man, t'expostulate th'Intents
Of his high Will, or iudge of strange Euents?
The rising Sunne to mortall sight reueales
This Earthly Globe; but yet the Starrs conceales;
So may the Sence discouer Naturall Things;
Diuine, aboue the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fates bad Instrument
Doe I accuse, in each sad Accident:
Good men must fall, Rapes, Incests, Murders come;
But woe and curses follow them by whom:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their sin,
For that proceeds from deu'lish Formes within.

Thou

Thou then that ſufferd'ſt by thoſe Formes ſo vile,
From whom thoſe wicked Inſtruments did file
Thy droſſie part, to make thy Fame ſhine cleare,
And Shrine thy Soule in Heauens all glorious Sphere;
Who being good, naught les to thee befel,
Though it appear'd diſguiſ'd in ſhape of Hell;
Vaniſh thy Blood and Nerues; true Life alone
In Vertue liues, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deathles: O behold,
(If thou canſt looke ſo low as Earths baſe Moulde)
How dreadfull Iuſtice (late with lingring Foot)
Now comes like Whirle-winde? how it ſhakes the Root
Of loftie Cedars; makes the ſtately Brow
Bend to the Foot? how all men ſee that now
The Breath of Infamie doth moue their Sayles;
Whiles thy deare name by Loues more hartie gales
Shall ſtill keep Winge, vntill thy Fames extent
Fill eu'rie part of this vaſt Continent.
Then you the Syre of this thus murder'd Sonne;
Repine not at his Fate; ſince he hath wonne
More Honor in his Sufferance; and his Death
Succeeded by his Vertues endles Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths Example,
Loue might erect a Statue; Zeale, a Temple:
On his true worth the Muſes might be ſtayne
To dye his Honors Web in pureſt Grayne.

C. B.

Vpon the vntimely Death of the *Author* of this ingenious *Poem*, Sr. THO: OVERBVRY Knight, poyſoned in *the Towre*.

SO many *Moones* ſo many times gone round,
And roſe from *Hell*, & *Darkneſſe*, vnder ground,
And *yet till now, this darkned deed of Hell*
Not brought to light? ô tardie *Heauen*! yet tell
If *Murther* layes him downe to ſleep with *Luſt*
Or no? reueale, as *thou* art *Truth*, and *Iuſt*,
The *Secrets* of this vniuſt ſecure *Act*,
And what *our feares* make vs ſuſpect, *compact*
With greater deeds of Miſchiefe, for alone
We thinke not *This*, and doe ſuſpect yet *One*,
To *which* compar'd, *This*, but a *falling Starre*,
That a bright *Firmament of Fire*: Thy *Care*
We ſee takes *meaner things*: *It* times the *World*
The *Signes* at random thorough the *Zodiack* hurld,
The *Stars* wild wandrings, & the glib-quick *Hinges*
Which turne both *Poles*; and all the *violent changes*
It ouer-lookes, which trouble th'endleſſe courſe
Of the high Firmament: *by thy bleſt Force*
Doe hoary winter froſts make forreſts bare,
And ſtraight to Groues againe their ſhades repaire,

By

By *Thee* doth *Autums, Lyons-flaming Maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeere sustaine
Her burdned powres: *ô being still the same,*
Ruling so much, and vnder *whom* the frame
Of this vast world weighd, all his *Orbes* dost guide,
Why are thy Cares of Men no more applide?
Or if: why seem'st thou sleeping to the *Good,*
And *guarding* to the *Ill?* as if the *brood*
Of best things still must Chance take in Command
And not thy *Prouidence*: and *Her blinde Hand*
Thy *Benefits* erroniously disburse,
Which so let fall, ne're fall but to the *worse?*
Whence *so, great crimes* commit the *Greater* sort,
And boldest acts of shame blaze in the *Court,*
Where *Buffones* worship in their *rise* of *State*
Those filthy *Scarrabs,* whom they *Serue,* and *Hate.*
Sure things meere *backward, there*; *Honor* disgracst,
And *Vertue* layd by *Fraud,* and *Poyson,* waste:
The *Adult'rer vp like Haman,* and so *Sainted:*
And *Femals modesty* (as *Femals*) painted,
Lost in all reall worth: what shall we say?
Things so farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaëton*
Stolne into *Phœbus waine,* had all misse-won
A cleane contrary way: ô powerfull *God,*
Right all amisse, and set the wonted period
Of *Goodnesse* in his place againe: *This deed*
Be *Vsher* to bring foorth the *Maske,* and *Weed*

Where

Where vnder, blacker things lye hid perhap,
And yet haue Hope to make a ſafe eſcape.
Of *This*, make knowen, why ſuch an Inſtrument
As *Weſton*, a *poore Seruing-man*, ſhould rent
The frame of *this ſad-good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Court-bred* learned OVERBVRIE,
In ſtrife for an *Ambaſſadorſhip*? no, no,
His *Orbe* held no ſuch *light*: what did he owe
The *Prophet* malice for compoſing *this*,
This Cynoſſura in neat *Poëſis*,
How *Good*, and *Great* men ought, and *All*, to chuſe
A *chaſte*, *fit*, *noble Wife*, and the abuſe
Of *Strumpets* friendly ſhadowing in the fame,
Was this his fault? or doth there lie a flame
Yet in the embers not vnrak't, for which
He di'de ſo falſly? *Heauen* we doe beſeech
Vnlocke this ſecret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the blood, Luſt made vntrue.

W. S.

An Elegie consecrated to the memorie of the truly worthy and learned Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* KNIGHT.

HAd not thy wrong, like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not been assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which doe in cold bloud fight
Had come but faintly on; for, euer, he
That shrines a name within an *Elegie*
(Vnles some neerer cause doe him inspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since passion (after, lessning her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!
Was't not enough to see his deare life bowe
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his vnspotted *Fame*?
O base reuenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romanes* sometime would enact
No doome for *Patricide*, supposing none
Could euer so offend) the vpright *Throne*
Of *Iustice* salues not: leauing that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *punishment*.
Yet through thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow these
Glasses which multiply the *Species*,

We

We ſee thy vertues more; and they become
So many *Statues* ſleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein, confinement new thou ſhalt endure,
But ſo; as when to make a *Pearle* more pure
We giue it to a *Doue*, in whoſe wombe pent
Some time, we haue it forth moſt orient.
Such is thy luſter now, that venomd *Spight*
With her blacke Soule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a courſe begins to runne
With thoſe that curſe the riſing of the *Sunne*.
The poyſon, that workes vpwards now, ſhall ſtriue
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preſeruatiue*.
And witch-craft that can maske the *vpper Shine*
With no one clowd ſhall blinde a raye of thine.
And as the *Hebrewes* in an obſcure pit
Their *holy fire* hid, not extinguiſh'd it,
And after times, that broke their bondage chaine
Found it, to fire their ſacrifice againe:
So lay thy *worth* ſomewhile, but being found,
The *Muſes altars* plentifully crownd
With ſweet perfumes, by it new kindled be
And offer all to thy deare memorie.
Nor haue we loſt thee long: thou art not gone,
Nor canſt deſcend into *Oblivion*.
But twice the *Sun* went round ſince thy Soule fled,
And onely *that time* men ſhall tearme thee dead.
Heereafter (rais'd to life) thou ſtill ſhalt haue
An *Antidote* againſt the ſilent graue.

W. B. Int. Temp.

Vpon the vntimely Death of Sr. *Thomas Ouerbury.*

IF for to liue be but a misery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy wife;
So that his will no other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life should be amended:
Yet wert to compasse his insatiate Lust,
He this last friendship tendred to thy trust
Whiles he dishonour'd and defam'd may die,
Iustice and Fame, shall crowne thy memorie.

B. G. medij Temp.

To

In obitum intempestiuum & lachrimabilem Illustrissimi Equitis aurati TH: OVERBVRI magnę spei & expectationis Viri.

HOw euer windie mischiefe raise vp high,
Darke thickning clouds, to poure vpon vs all
A tempest of foule rumors, which descry
Thy hard mishap and strange distastrous fall;
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather should haue raisd thee vp to stand.

Yet shalt thou here suruiue in pittying fame,
In thy sweet Wife, in these most acute lines,
In well reputed Characters of name,
And vertues tombe, which all thy honor shrines:
In spight of enuie, or the proudest hate,
That thus hath set opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, sith it fails out so,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a box of pretious balme did dare:
With whose perfume, although it was thus spilld,
The house and commers by were better filld.

Cap: Th: Gainsford.

Encomiasticke Verses on this excellent Poem the Wife.

LOe here the matchles patterne of a Wife,
Deciphered in forme of Good and Bad:
The Bad commends the Good as Darke doth Light,
Or as a loathed Bed a Single life;
The Good, with Wisdom and Discretion clad,
With Modestie, and faire demeanour dight,
Whose Reason doth her Will to Loue inuite.

Reason begot, and Passion bred her loue,
Selfe-will She shun'd, Fitnes the Mariage made,
Fitnes doth cherish Loue, Selfe-will Debate.
Loe thus; and in this Monument of proofe
A perfect Wife, a Worke nor Time can fade,
Nor looser respect betray to mortall Fate.
This, none can equall; Best, but imitate.

R. C.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem the Wife.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I haue found occasion
Honest and iust, without the worlds perswasion
Or flatterie or briberie to commend
A woman for her goodnesse; and God send
I may finde many more: I wish them well,
They are pretty things to play with when *Eue* fell
She tooke a care that all the Wo-men-kinde
That were to follow her, should be as blinde
As she was wilfull; and till this good Wife,
This peece of vertue, that nere tooke her life
From a fraile mothers labor: Those stand still
As marginalls to point vs to our ill
Came to the world, as other creatures doe
That know no God but will; we learnt to woe,
And if she were but faire and could but kisse,
Twentie to one we could not chuse amisse;
And as we iudge of trees if straight and tall
That may be found, yet neuer till the fall
Finde how the raine hath drill'd them; So till now
We only knew we must loue, but not how.
But here we haue example, and so rare,
That if we hold but common sense and care,
And steere by this card; he that goes awry,
Ile boldly lay at his nativity,

That man was seal'd a foole: yet all this good
Giuen as it is, not cloath'd in flesh and blood
Some may auerre and strongly: two meere ment
In way of practise, but not president;
Either will make vs happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this mysterie,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himselfe a partner for his life,
More then a woman, better then a wife.

I. F.

Eiusdem in Eadem.

AS from a man the first fraile woman came,
The first that euer made vs know our shame,
And finde the curse of labor; so againe,
Goodnesse and vnderstanding found a man
To take this shame away, and from him sprung
A peece of excellence without a Tongue
Because it should not wrong vs; yet the life
Makes it appeare a woman and a wife.
And this is she, if euer woman shall
Doe good hereafter; borne to blesse our fall.

J. F.

On Sir *Thomas Overburies* Poem the Wife.

WEre every beauty, every severall grace,
Which is in Women, in one Womans face,
Some courtly Gallants might, I think, come to her,
Which would not wed her, though they seem'd to woe her.
Setled Affections follow not the Eye;
Reason and Iudgement, must their course descrie.
Pigmalions Image made of Marble stone,
Was lik'd of all; belou'd of him alone.
But heere's a Dame growen husbandlesse of late,
Which not a Man but wisheth were his Mate.
So faire without, so free from spot within,
That Earth seemes heere to stand exempt from sin.
Iuno vouchsafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D. T.

On the Wife.

BEauty affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are meanes to cure a weake eſtate,
Honour illuſtrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus men count it happy Fate.
Vertue they think doth in theſe Emblems ſhroud
But triall ſhewes they are gulled with a Cloud.

Theſe are but complements, the inward worth,
The outward carriage, geſture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone which ſets a Woman forth:
And in this Woman, theſe haue each a place.
Were all wiues ſuch, This age would happy bee,
But happier that of our Poſteritie.

D. T.

To the Wife.

EXpos'd to all, thou wilt leſſe worthy ſeeme
I feare: Things common, all men diſeſteeme;
Yet ſome things haue a differing Fate: ſome fret,
We doubt in wares which are in corners ſet:
Hid Medalls ruſt, which being vs'd grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue then the night.
Thou though more commõ, then maiſt ſeem more good,
I onely wiſh thou maiſt be vnderſtood.

G. R.

On the Wife.

WEl haſt thou ſaid, that womẽ ſhould be ſuch;
And were they that, had but a third as much
I would be maried too, but that I know
Not what ſhee is, but ſhould be thou doſt ſhow.
So let me praiſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy Widdow be my Wife.

X. Z.

On the Wife.

THis perfect Creature, to the Easterne vse
Liu'd, whilst a wife retir'd from common show:
Not that her Louer fear'd, the least abuse,
But with the wisest, knew it fitter so:
Since, falne a widdow, and a zealous one,
She would haue sacrifizde her selfe agen,
But importun'd to life; is now alone,
Lou'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wise single men,
Which, to th'adultrous rest, that dare begin
There vs'd temptations, were a mortall sinne.

TO make a Wife of Wit, or meere Philosophie,
And deck her vp with flowres of sweetest poesie,
Is no hard tacke: but such an one of flesh to find,
Would weary all the wits and bodies of mankinde:
Since worse must serue the turne, then men must be con-
To take such as they find, not such as they inuent. (tent

T. B.

To the cleane contrary wife.

Looke here: & chide those Spirits, which maintain
Their Empire, with so strong command in you
That all good eyes, which do your follies view
Pitty, what you for them, must once sustaine:
O from those Evills, which free Soules disdaine
To be acquainted with, (and but perfue
Worst Minds) from them, (as hatefull, as untrue,)
By reading this, for Fames faire sake refraine:
Who would let feed vpon her birth, the brood
Of lightnes, Indiscretion, and the shame
Of fowle Incontinence, when the base blood
Is careleſſe only of an Honoured Name,
Be all that gentle are, more high inproou'd,
For loose Dames are but flatter'd, never Lou'd.

W: Stra:

10

To the Wife.

WEep on kinde Soule, and though thou comest in view,
Put on Woes habit, Melancholies hew.
A Widdowes beautie makes the louelier shew,
When flouds of sorrow doe her cheekes oreflow.
The faire Achievements sost Affection beares
Are bleeding Hearts, Eyes euer-dropping Teares.
The Turtle tells thee, Thou shouldst alwaies grone,
And make thy Mate with solitarie moue.
Adde then sweet Soule no bounds to thy Laments,
Tis fit sad plaints should follow sad euents.
Yet haue a care his merits be not reueal'd:
Griefe merits most, where it is most conceal'd.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

IF I were to chuſe a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry?
I would truſt the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of Loue and Glory
Each Tongue beſt tells his owne ſtory.

Firſt, to make my choyſe the bolder,
I would haue her childe to ſuch
Whoſe free vertuous liues are older
Then Antiquitie can touch:
For tis ſeeldome ſeene, that Blood
Giues a Beautie great and good.

Yet an ancient ſtocke may bring
Branches I confeſſe of worth,
Like rich-mantles ſhadowing
Thoſe deſcents that brought them forth.
Yet ſuch Hills though gilded ſhowe
Sooneſt feele the Age of ſnowe.

Therefore

Therefore to preuent ſuch care
That repentance ſoone may bring,
Like Marchants I would chuſe my ware,
Vſe-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for ſtate or face,
Buyes a Horſe to loſe a Race.

Yet I would haue her faire as any,
But her owne not kiſt away:
I would haue her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day;
But deſcending to the Sea,
Make her ſet with none but me.

If ſhe be not tall tis better;
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it ſelfe in ſuch a letter,
That it leaues vnſtudied no man:
I would haue my Miſtreſſe grow
Onely tall, to anſwere No.

Yet

Yet I would not haue her lose
So much breeding, as to fling
Vnbecomming scorne on those
That must worship euery thing.
Let her feare loose lockes to scatter;
And loose men will feare to flatter.

Children I would haue her beare
More for loue of name then bed:
So each childe I haue is heyre
To another maydenhead;
For she that in the act's afraide,
Euery nigh'ts another maide.

Such a one, as when shees woo'd
Blushes not for ill thoughts past;
But so innocently good,
That her dreames are euer chast;
For that Maide that thinkes a sin,
Has betraide the Fort shee's in.

In

In my visitation still,
I would haue her scatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill,
After protestations teares:
And who vowes a constant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.

When the Priest first ioines our hands,
I would haue her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heauen, like twinnes, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons rod together,
Both may bud, grow greene, and wither.

THE LIVELY PORTRAICTURE OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

THE METHOD.

First of Marriage, and the effect thereof, Children. Then of his contrarie, Lust; *then for his choice. First, his opinion negatiuely, what should not be: the first causes in it, that is, neither* Beautie, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmatiuely, what should be, of which kind there are foure:* Goodnesse, Knowledge, Discretion, *and as a second thing,* Beautie. *The first only is absolutely good: the other being built vpon the first doe likewise become so. Then the application of that woman by loue to himselfe, which makes her a wife. And lastly, the only condition of a wife,* Fitnesse.

A WIFE.

EAch Woman is a *briefe* of Woman-kinde,
And doth in little euen as much containe,
As, in one Day and Night, all life we finde,
Of either, More, is but the same againe:
God fram'd Her so, that to her *Husband*, She
As *Eue*, should all the *World* of *Women* be.

So fram'd he *Both*, that *neither* power he gaue,
Vse of themselues, but by *exchange*, to make:
Whence in their Face the *Fayre* no pleasure haue,
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.
Our Lips in their owne Kisse no pleasure find:
Toward their proper Face, our Eyes are blind.

So God in *Eue* did *perfit* Man *begun*;
Till then, in vaine much of himselfe he had:
In *Adam* God created onely *one*,
Eue, and the *world to come*, in *Eue* he made.
We are *two halfes*: whiles each frō other straies,
Both barren are; *Ioyn'd both* their *like* can raise

At first both *Sexes* were in *Man* combin'de,
Man, a *Shee-man* did in his bodie breed;
Adam was *Eues*, *Eue* Mother of Mankinde,
Eue from *Liue-flesh*, Man did from *Dust* proceed.
One thus made *two*, *Marriage* doth reunite,
And makes them both but on *Hermaphrodite*.

Man

Man did but the *well being* of his life
From *Woman* take, her *Being* she from *Man*,
And therefore *Eue* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all, her *Sex* began:
Mariage their obiect is; their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receiue from *Men*.

Marriage, to all, whose ioyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being *parted* so,
Wherein the very *act* is Chastitie,
Whereby *two Soules* into *one Bodie* goe.
Which makes *two one* while here they liuing be;
And after death in their *Posteritie*.

God to *each Man a priuate Woman* gaue,
That in that *Center* his *desires* might stint,
That he a *comfort like himselfe* might haue,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*.
Double is Womans *vse*, part of their end
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

We fill but *part of Time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *freſh ſupply* haue lent,
Children are Bodies ſole *Eternitie*;
Nature is *Gods*; *Art* is *Mans* inſtrument.
Now all *Mans Art* but only dead things makes,
But herein *Man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *Luſt*; I know tis infinite,
It ſtill *begins*, and addes not more to more.
The *guilt* is euerlaſting, the *delight*,
This inſtant doth not feele of *that* before.
The *taſte* of it is only in the *Senſe*,
The *operation*, in the *Conſcience*.

Woman is not *Luſts bounds*, but *Woman-kinde*,
One is *Luſts number*: who from that doth fall,
Hath loſt his hold, and no *new reſt* ſhall finde,
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all;
A *Wife* is that *enough*, *Luſt* cannot finde,
For *Luſt* is ſtill with *want*, or *too much*, *pinde*.

Bate *luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is eu'n with his,
For *Not to luſt*, and to *Enioy* is one:
And more or leſſe paſt, *equall* Nothing is,
I ſtill haue *one*, Luſt *one at once*, alone:
And though the Woman often changed be,
Yet Hee's the ſame without varietie.

Marriage our *luſt* (as 'twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*,
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And in the choyce of *Her*, it much doth lie,
To mend my ſelfe in my Poſteritie.

O rather let me *Loue*, then *be in loue*;
So let me chuſe as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde,
Let me forget her *Sex* when I *approue*,
Beaſts likeneſſe lies in *ſhape*, but *ours* in *minde*.
Our *Soules no Sexe* haue, their Loue is cleane,
No *Sexe*, both in the *better part* are *Men*.

But Phyſicke for our *luſt*, their *Bodies* be;
But matter fit to ſhew our *Loue* vpon,
But onely *Shells* for our poſterities,
Their ſoules were giu'n leſt man ſhould be alone.
For, but the *Soules Interpreters*, *wordes* be,
Without which *Bodies* are no Company.

That *goodly* frame we ſee of fleſh and blood,
Their *faſhion* is, not *weight*, it is I ſay
But their *Laye-part*, but well digeſted food;
Tis but twixt *Duſt*, and *Duſt*, *Loues middle way*.
The worth of it is nothing that is ſeen,
But onely that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beauтie* of my Wife,
Is but skin-deepe, but to *two ſenſes* knowne,
Short euen of Pictures, ſhorter liu'd then Life,
And yet the *Ioye* ſurmiues that's built thereon.
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies* when they meete to ſatisfie.

All Shapes, all Colours are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *foule or faire*:
But mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*;
And thoſe, but the firſt weeke, by Cuſtome are
Both made alike; which differed at *firſt view*;
Nor can that difference, *Abſence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beautie* lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'd by vs in an *inferior place*,
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enioying* we
Make *ours become*, ſo our *deſire* growes tame:
We changed are, but it remaines the ſame.

Birth, leſſe then *Beauty*, ſhall my *Reaſon* blinde,
Her *Birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me.
Rather had I that *aſſiue Generis* finde,
Vertue, then *paſſiue* from her Anceſtry;
{ Rather in *her aliue*, one vertue ſee,
Then all the reſt dead in her *Pedegree*. }

In the Degrees, high rather be she plac't,
Of *Nature* then of *Art* and *Policie*:
Gentry is but a *relique* of Time-past,
And *Law* doth onely but the *present* see; (*Fame*,
Things were first made, then *words*: she were the
With, or *without*, *that title*, or that name.

As for (the oddes 'twixt Sexes) *Portion*;
Nor will I shun it, nor my ayme it make;
Byrth, *Beautie*, *Wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All these I would for *good additions* take,
Not for *Good Parts*; those *two* are ill combin'd,
Who any *third* thing frõ *themselues* hath ioynd.

Rather then these, the obiect of my *Loue*,
Let it be *Good*; when these with vertue go,
They (in themselues *indifferent*,) vertues proue,
For *Good* (like fire) turnes all things to be so.
Gods Image, in Her *Soule*, ô let me place
My *Loue* vpon; not *Adam* in Her *Face*.

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *mindes beauties* keepes the *other* sweet:
That's not still one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glasse, nor painting can it counterfet,
Nor doth it raise desires, which euer send
At once, to their perfection, and their end.

By *Good* I would haue *Holy* vnderstood,
So *God* she cannot loue, but also *mee*,
The law requires our *words* and *deedes* he good,
Religion euen the *Thoughts* doth sanctifie:
And she is *more* a *Maide* that *ranisht* is,
Then She which onely doth but *wish amisse*.

Lust only by *Religion* is withstood,
Lusts obiect is aliue, his strength within,
Moralitie resists but in *cold blood*,
Respect of *Credit* feareth *shame* not *sinne*.
But no place *darke enough* for such offence
She finds, that's *watcht* by her owne *Conscience*.

Then

Then may I *trust her Body* with her *Minde*,
And, thereupon secure, neede neuer know
The pangs of *Ielousie* and *Loue* doth finde
More paine to *doubt* her false, then *know* her so:
For *Patience* is of euils that are knowne,
The certaine Remedie; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* stirr'd, twill neuer dye,
Nor will the griefe more milde by custome proue;
Nor yet *Amendment* can it satisfie,
The *Anguish* more or lesse, is *as our Loue*:
This miserie doth *Ielousie* ensue,
That we may proue her *false*, but cannot *True*.

Suspicion may the will of *Lust* restraine,
But *Good* prevents from having such a *will*,
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chast and more* containe,
For *Chast* is but an *Abstinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *best*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good* the *least*.

To

To barre the meanes is *Care*, not *Iealoufie*.
Some *lawful* things to be auoyded are,
When, they *occasion* of *vnlawful* be,
Lust ere it hurts, is best descride a farre:
Lust is a sinne *of two*; he that is sure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* secure.

Giue me next *Good*, an *vnderstanding Wife*,
By Nature *wise*, not *Learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on Her side will all my life
More scope of conuersation impart,
Besides, Her inborne vertue fortifie, (why.
They are most firmly good, that best know

A *passiue vnderstanding* to conceiue,
And *Iudgement* to discerne, I wish to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue,
Learning and *pregnant wit* in Woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable maketh fraile,
And doth not adde more *Ballast*, but more *Saile*.

Bookes

Domesticke Charge doth best that *Sexe* befit,
Contiguous businesse, so to fixe the Minde,
That *Leasure* space for *Fancies* not admit;
Their *Leasure* tis corrupteth *Womenkinde*;
Else being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heau'n a shorter cut then we.

Bookes are a part of Mans prerogatiue,
In formall Inke they *Thoughts* and *Voices* hold,
That we to them our solitude may giue,
And make *Time present* trauell that of *old*.
Our Life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* in farther backward doe extend.

As *good*, and *knowing*, let her be *Discreet*,
That to the others *weight*, doth *Fashion* bring,
Discretion doth consider what is *Fit*,
Goodnesse but what is *lawfull*, but the *Thing*.
Not *Circumstances*; *Learning* is and was
In Men but *curious folly* misbecame.

To keepe their Name when 'tis in others hands
Diſcretion askes, their *Credit* is by farre
More *frayle* then *They*, on likely-hoods it ſtands,
And hard to be diſproou'd, *Luſt's ſlanders* are.
Their *Carriage*, not their *Chaſtity* alone,
Muſt keepe their *Name* chaſte from *ſuſpition*.

Womens *Behauiour* is a ſurer barre
Then is their *No*: *That* fairely doth *denie*
Without *denying*, *thereby* kept they are
Safe eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is ſhee,
Which hath *without conſent* bin onely tride;
He comes too *neere*, that comes *to be denide*.

Now ſince a *Woman* we to *Marry* are,
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone;
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*.
Beauty is *Health*, and *Beauty* both in one,
Bee ſhee ſo faire as change can yeeld no gaine,
So faire, as Shee moſt Women elſe containe.

So Faire at leaſt let me imagine Her,
That thought to *me* is *Truth*: *Opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no *Eyes* ſhall I ſee her but *mine owne*.
And as my *Fancy Her* conceiues to bee,
Euen ſuch my Senſes both, doe *Feele* and *See*.

The

The *Face* we may the seat of of *Beauty* call,
In it the rellish of the rest doth lie,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall:
And of the *Face* the *Life* moues in the *Eye*;
No things else being *two* so like we see,
So like, that they *two* but in number be.

Beauty in *decent shape*, and *Colours* lies,
Colours the *matter* are, and *shape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule* which from no single part doth rise,
But from the iust proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *spirituall harmonie*,
Of euery part vnited in the *Eye*.

Loue is a kinde of *Superstition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it selfe hath fram'd;
Lust a Desire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the *obiect* is inflam'd;
Beauty is Loues *obiect*, *Weman* Lust's, to gaine
Loue, Loue Desires, *Lust* onely to *obtaine*.

No circumstance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *fashion*, natiue *Comelinesse*,
Nay eu'n gets pardon for *Deformity*;
Art cannot it beget, but may encrease,
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty* perfect made,
Something she left for *Motion* to adde.

But

But let that *Fashion* more to *Modestie*
Tend, then *Assurance*; *Modesty* doth set
The face in his iust place, from *Passions* free
Tis both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies Beauty* met:
But *Modesty*; no true can we see;
That is the Faces onely *Chastitie*.

Where *goodnesse* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* stands:
Whence tis that *women* though they weaker be,
And their desires more strong, yet on their hands
The *Chastitie* of *men* doth often lie:
Lust would more common be then any one,
Could it as other sinnes be done *alone*.

All these *good parts* a *Perfect woman* make,
Adde *Loue* to me, they make a *Perfect Wife*,
Without her *Loue* Her *Beauty* should I take,
As that of *Pictures*, dead, *That* giues it life:
Till then Her *Beauty* like the Sunne doth shine,
Alike to all; *That* makes it onely *mine*.

And of that *Loue*, let *Reason Father* be,
And *Passion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*;
Selfe-loue (which second Loues are built vpon)
Will make *me* (if not *Her*) her *Loue* respect;
No Man but fauours his owne worths effect.

As

As *Good*, and *wise*, so be she *Fit* for mee,
That is, *For will*, and *Not to will* the same,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted-selfe*, and shee
As Mee, so what I loue, to Loue must frame.
For when in Mariage both in one concurre,
Woman conuerts to Man, not Man to her.

FINIS.

The Authors Epitaph, written by himselfe.

THe Span of my dayes measur'd, heere I rest,
That is, my body; but my soule, his guest
Is hence ascended, whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely loue can clime;
Where being now enlightned, Shee doth know
The Truth of all men argue of below:
Onely this dust doth heere in Pawne remaine,
That when the world dissolues she come againe,

Characters,

OR

Wittie descriptions of the properties of sundry Persons.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. Shee lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her sweetnes of disposition, which meets his stoutnes more pleasingly; so wooll meets yron easier then yron, and turnes resisting

ſting into embracing. Her greateſt learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sexe*, or on men, without caſting the difference. *Diſhoneſtie* neuer comes neerer than her eares, and then wonder ſtops it out, and ſaues vertue the labour. Shee leaues the neat *youth*, telling his *luſhious* tales, and puts back the *Seruingmans* putting forward with a frowne; yet her kindnes is free enough to be ſeene; for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behauiour at a certaine, but makes it to her occaſion. Shee hath ſo much knowledge as to loue it, and if ſhe haue it not at home, ſhee will fetch it; for this ſometimes in a pleaſant diſcontent ſhe dares chide her *Sexe*, though ſhe vſe it neuer the worſe. She is much within, and frames outward things to her minde, not her minde to them. She weares good clothes, but neuer better; for ſhe findes no degree beyond *Decencie*. Shee hath a content of her

her owne, and so seeks not an husband, but findes him. She is indeed most, but not much to description, for she is direct and one, and hath not the varietie of ill. Now shee is giuen fresh and aliue to a husband, and shee doth nothing more then loue him, for she takes him to that purpose. So his good becomes the businesse of her actions, and shee doth her selfe kindnesse vpon him. After his, her chiefest vertue is a good husband. For *Shee* is *Hee*.

A very Woman.

A *Very Woman*, is a dow-bakt man, or a *Shee* ment well towards man, but sell two bowes short, *strength* and *vnderstanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modestie*, that keeps a man from eliming ouer into her faults. Shee simpers as if she had no teeth, but lips, and she diuides her eyes and keeps halfe for

her selfe, and giues the other to her neat *Youth*. Being set downe shee casts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, & is taken away with the voiders. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirst, and it is a part of their mysterie not to professe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in priuate and stretcheth her vpon meat. Shee is *Marrigeable* and *Fourteene* at once; and after she doth not liue but tarrie. Shee reads ouer her face euery morning, and sometimes blots out pale, and writes red. She thinks she is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and she loues her glasse, and the knight of the Sunne for lying. Shee is hid away all but her face, and that's hang'd about with toyes and deuices, like the signe of a Tauerne, to draw *Strangers*. If shee shew more shee preuents desire, and by too free giuing, leaues no *Gift*. Shee may escape from the Seruing-man, but not from the Chamber-maide. Shee commits with her eares for certaine: after that shee

may

may goe for a Maide, but she hath been lien with in her vnderstanding. Her *Philosophie*, is a seeming neglect of those, that be too good for her. Shee's a yonger brother for her portion, but not for her portion of wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is still too big for it; yet hir *Vanitie* seldom matcheth hir, with one of her owne degree, for then she wil beget another creature a begger: and commonly, if shee marrie better, shee marries worse. Shee gets much by the simplicitie of her Sutor, and for a iest, laughes at him without one. Thus she dresses a Husband for her selfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the land adioyning, yee may see it, in a Seruingmans fresh *Naperie*, and his Leg steps into an vnknowne stocking. I need not speake of his *Garters*, the tassell shewes it selfe. If she loue, she loues not the Man, but the beast of him. Shee is *Salomons* cruel creature, and a mans walking-consumption: euery caudle shee giues him, is a purge. Her chiefe commenda-

tion is, shee brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightnesse gets her to swimme at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *carving*; her neighbors at the latter end know they are welcom, and for that purpose shee quencheth her thirst. She trauels to and among, and so becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the follie in the countrie, comes in cleane Linnen to visit her: she breakes to them her griefe in Sugar cakes, and receiues from their mouthes in exchange, many stories that conclude to no purpose. Her eldest Sonne is like her howsoeuer, and that dispraiseth him best: her vtmost drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly she obtaines at the yeeres of discretion. Shee takes a iourney sometimes to her Neeces house, but neuer thinks beyond *London*. Her *Deuotion* is good clothes, they carrie her to Church, expresse their stuffe and fa-

ſhion, and are ſilent; if ſhe be more deuout, ſhee lifts vp a certaine number of eyes, in ſtead of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and meaſures out a nap by it, iuſt as long. She ſends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where ſhee neuer ouertakes it, or driues it before her againe. Her moſt neceſſarie inſtruments, are a *waiting Gentlewoman*, and a *Chamber-maide*; ſhee weares her Gentlewoman ſtill, but moſt often leaues the other in her Chamber-window. She hath a little *Kennel* in her lap, and ſhe ſmells the ſweeter for it. The vtmoſt reach of her *Prouidence*, is the fatneſſe of a Capon, and her greateſt enuie, is the next Gentlewomans better gown. Her moſt commendable skill, is to make her Husbands fuſtian beare her Veluet. This ſhe doth many times ouer, and then is deliuered to old Age, and a Chaire, where euery bodie leaues her.

A Dissembler,

IS an essence needing a double definition, for hee is not that hee appeares. Vnto the eye he is pleasing, vnto the eare not harsh, but vnto the vnderstanding intricate, and full of windings: he is the *prima materia*, & his intents giue him forme: he dieth his meanes and his meaning into two colours, he baites craft with humilitie, and his countenance is the picture of the present disposition. He winnes not by batterie, but vndermining, and his racke is soothing. Hee allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brokers of his obseruation. He knowes passion onely by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memorie, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occasion: the Inquisitor must looke through his iudgment, for to the eye only he is not visible.

A Courtier

A Courtier, 4

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to moſt men the fineſt: all things elſe are defined by the vnderſtanding, but this by the ſenſes; but his ſureſt marke is, that hee is to be found onely about Princes. Hee ſmells; and putteth away much of his iudgment about the ſcituation of his clothes. He knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sunne*, and therefore he riſeth not before ten of the clocke. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronuntiation than his words. *Occaſion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receipt of making loue. He followes nothing but inconſtancie, admires nothing but beautie, honours nothing but fortune. Loues nothing. The ſuſtenance of his diſcourſe is Newes, and his cenſure like a ſhot depēds vpō the charging

ging. He is not, if he be out of Court, but fiſh-like breathes deſtruction, if out of his owne element. Neither his motion, or aſpect are regular, but he moues by the vpper *Spheres*, and is the reflection of higher ſubſtances.

If you finde him not heere, you ſhall in *Paules*, with a picke-tooth in his Hat, a cape cloke, and a long ſtocking.

A Golden Aſſe.

IS a young thing, whoſe Father went to the Diuell; he is followed like a ſalt bitch, and limb'd by him that gets vp firſt; his diſpoſition is cut, and knaues rent him like Tenter-hookes: he is as blinde as his mother, and ſwallowes flatterers for friends. He is high in his owne imagination; but that imagination, as a ſtone, that is raiſed by violence, deſcends naturally: when he goes, he lookes who lookes: if he findes not good ſtore of vailers,

vailers, he comes home ſtiffe and ſeer, vntill he be new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Whereſoeuer he eates he hath an officer, to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his owne is exceeding ſenſible, becauſe it is ſenſuall; but he cannot exchange a peece of reaſon, though he can a peece of gold. He is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beauty, and more then his beautie, they are his diſcretion, his countenance, his All. He is now at an end, for hee hath had the Wolfe of vaine-glorie, which he fed, vntill himſelfe became the food.

A Flatterer.

IS the ſhadow of a Foole. Hee is a good wood-man, for he ſingleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is euer of the colour of his patient; and for his ſake he will halt or weare a wry necke. He diſpraiſeth nothing but pouerty,

and

and ſmall drinke, and praiſeth his grace of making water. Hee ſelleth himſelfe, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the preſent, how to winne his praiſes by reciting the others gifts: hee is ready for all imploiments, but eſpecially before Dinner, for his courage and his ſtomacke go together. Hee will play any vpon his countenance, and where he cannot be admitted for a counſeller, he will ſerue as a foole. Hee frequents the court of wards and ordinaries, and fits theſe gueſts of *Toga virilis*, with wiues or whoores. He entreth young men into acquaintance and debt books. In a word, he is the impreſſion of the laſt terme, and will be ſo, vntill the comming of a new terme or termer.

An ignorant Glorie-hunter.

IS an *inſectum animal*; for he is the maggot of opinion, his behauiour is anothing from himſelfe, and is glewed, and

but

But ſet on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their owne words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of thoſe things, where ignorance is the leſſer ſhame. He gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. He confeſſeth vices that he is guiltleſſe of, if they be in faſhion; and dares not ſalute a man in old cloths, or out of faſhion. There is not a publicke aſſembly without him, and he will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any ſhew he will be one, though he be but a whiſtler, or a torch bearer; and beares downe ſtrangers with the ſtory of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all cuſtomes, with entitling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers and ſtrange Nations. He dares ſpeake more then he vnderſtands, and aduentures his words without the reliefe of any ſeconds. Hee relates battels and skirmiſhes, as from an eye witneſſe, when his eies thecuiſhly beguiled a ballad

lad of them. In a word, to make sure of admiration, he will not let himselfe vnderstand himselfe, but hopes, fame and opinion will bee the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timist,

Is a noune adiective of the present tense. He hath no more of a conscience then Peare, and his religion is not his but the Princes. Hee reuerenceth a Courtiers Seruants seruant. Is first his own Slaue, and then whosoeuer looketh big; when he giues he curseth, and when hee sells he worships. He reades the statutes in his chamber, and weares the Bible in the streetes: he neuer praiseth any but before themselues or friends: and mislikes no great mans actions during his life. His new yeares gifts are ready at *Allhallomas*, and the sute he meant to mediate before them. He pleaseth the children of great

great men, and promiſeth to adopt them; and his curteſie extends it ſelfe euen to the ſtable. Hee ſtraines to talke wiſely, and his modeſty would ſeruea Bride. He is grauity from the head to the foote; but not from the head to the heart; you may finde what place he affecteth, for he creepes as neere it as may be, and as paſſionately courts it; if at any time his hopes are effected, he ſwelleth with them; and they burſt out too good for the veſſell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and ſtudies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amoriſt, 9

IS a certaine blaſted or planet-ſtroken, and is the dog that leades blinde *Cupid*; when he is at the beſt, his faſhion exceedes the worth of his weight. He is neuer without verſes, and muske confects; and ſighs to the hazard of his buttons

tons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the liuery of his Mistris complexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. Hee fights with passion, and looseth much of his blood by his weapon; dreames, thence his palenes. His armes are carelesly vsed, as if their best vse were nothing but embracements. He is vntrust, vnbuttoned, and vngartered, not out of carelesnesse, but care; his farthest end being but going to bed. Sometimes he wraps his petition in neatnesse, but it goeth not alone; for then he makes some other qualitie moralize his affection, and his trimnesse is the grace of that grace. Hir fauour lifts him vp, as the Sun moisture; when she disfauours, vnable to hold that happinesse, it falls downe in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and hee expresseth much of himselfe vpon some instrument. He answeres not, or not to the purpose; and no maruell, for he is not at home. He scotcheth time with dancing with his Mistris, taking vp of her glone, and wearing her feather; he

hee is confinde to her colour, and dares not passe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pide-coat of red and white; shortly, he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glasse of lust, and himselfe the traitour to his owne discretion.

An Affectate Traueller

IS a speaking fashion; hee hath taken paynes to be ridiculous, and hath seen more then he hath perceiued. His attire speakes *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* cryes, *Behold me*. Hee censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speaks his owne language with shame and lisping: he will choake rather then confesse *Beere* good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behauiour. Hee chuseth rather to be counted a *Spie*, then not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputati-

on by naming great men familiarly. He chuſeth rather to tell lies, then not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly: his diſcourſe ſounds big, but meanes nothing: & his Boy is bound to admire him howſoeuer. He comes ſtill from great Perſonages; but goes with meane. He takes occaſion to ſhew Iewels giuen him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martins*: and not long after, hauing with a *Mountebanks* method, pronounced them woorth thouſands, enpawneth them for a few ſhillings. Vpon feſtiuall dayes he goes to Court, and ſalutes without reſaluting; at night in an Ordinary he canuaſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeems as conuerſant with all intents and plots, as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, firſt to tell them the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow money of them; hee offereth courteſies, to ſhew them, rather then himſelfe humble. Hee diſdaines all things about his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. Hee no-

poteth his wants and pouerty to the ignorance of the time, not his owne vnworthinesse: and concludes his discourse with halfe a period, or a word, and leaues the rest to imagination. In a word, his religion is fashion, and both bodie and soule are gouerned by fame, hee loues most voices about truth.

A Wise man

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reasonable creature. His disposition alters, alters not. Hee hides himselfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be gouerned by them. He lookes according to nature, so goes his behauiour. His minde enioyes a continuall smoothnesse: so commeth it, that his considerations is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men silently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of

their actions; by this meanes his peace commeth not from fortune, but himselfe. He is cunning in men, not to surprize but keepe his owne, and beares off their ill affected humours, no otherwise then if they were flies. Hee chuseth not friends by the subsidy-booke, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintaines the strength of his body, not by delicacies, but temperance; and his minde by giuing it preheminence ouer his bodie. Hee vnderstands things not by their forme, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse, but to prouoke him higher. He is not subiect to casualties, for Fortune hath nothing to do with the minde, except those drowned in the body: but he hath diuided his soule from the case of his soule, whose weakenesse hee assists no otherwise then commiseratiuely, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will bee thus: and liues subiect neither to Time nor his frailties; the seruant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

A Noble Spirit 12

HAth ſurueyed and fortified his diſpoſition, and conuerts all occurrents into experience, betweene which experience and his reaſon, there is marriage; the iſſue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and ſeeth the end before he ſhoot. Men are the inſtruments of his Art, and there is no man without his vſe: occaſion incites him; none enticeth him; and he mooues by affection, not for affection; he loues glory, ſcornes ſhame, and gouerneth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one conſideratiou. Hee cals not the varietie of the world chances, for his meditation hath trauelled ouer them; and his eye mounted vpon his vnderſtanding, ſeeth them as things vnderneath. Hee couers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, ſince it is not able to defend its owne

imbecillity, to ſhew or ſuffer. Hee licenceth not his weakeneſſe, to weare Fate, but knowing reaſon to bee no idle gift of Nature, hee is the Steeres-man of his owne deſtiny. Truth is his Goddeſſe, and he takes paines to get her, not to look like her. He knowes the condition of the world, that he muſt act one thing like another, and then another. To theſe hee carries his deſires, & not his deſires him; and ſtickes not faſt by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courſes, of all intents, of all things, to haue but one center or period, without all diſtraction, he haſteth thither and ends there, as his true and naturall element. He doth not contemne Fortune, but not confeſſe her. Hee is no Gameſter of the world (which only complaine and praiſe her) but being onely ſenſible of the honeſty of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement or ſcum. Vnto the ſociety of men he is a *ſwaine*, whoſe cleerneſſe directs their ſteps in a regular motion; when he

is more particular, hee is the wise mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and he feeles age more by the strength of his soule, than the weakenesse of his body: thus feeles he no paine, but esteemes all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters, and help him out of prison.

An Olde Man

IS a thing that hath beene a man in his dayes. Olde men are to bee knowen blind-folded: for their talke is as terrible as their resemblance. They praise their own times as vehemently, as if they would sell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old customes, euen to the eating of red herring, and going wet-shod. They call the thumbe vnder the girdle, Grauity; and because they can

hardly ſmell at all, their Poſies are vnder their girdles. They count it an Ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a cough; and it is venerable, they ſay, to ſpend time in wiping their driueled beards. Their diſcourſe is vnanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacy: their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Trueths and lies paſſe with an equall affirmation, for their memories ſeuerall is wonne into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſenſe. They teach their ſeruants their duties with as much ſcorne and tyranny, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their enuy is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their clothes, with that certainty, as if they knew, their heads would not direct them, and therefore Cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting and going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaues are carued and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their grauity; and they dare not goe without a gowne in Summer. Their hats are bruſhed to draw mens eyes off from

their faces; but of all, their *Pomanders* are worne to most purpose, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a smell to defend, or a dog to excuse.

A Countrey Gentleman.

IS a thing, out of whose corruption the generation of a Iustice of peace is produced. Hee speakes statutes and husbandry well enough, to make his neighbours thinke him a wise man; hee is well skilled in *Arithmeticke* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to saue his two pence. His conuersation amongst his Tenants is desperate; but amongst his equals full of doubt. His trauell is seldome farther then the next market towne, and his inquisition is about the price of Corne: when he trauelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a Couzens house of his to saue charges; and rewards the Seruants by taking them by the hand when hee departs.

parts. Nothing vnder a *Sub-pœna* can draw him to *London*: and when hee is there, he ſtickes faſt vpon euery obiect, caſts his eyes away vpon gazing, and becomes the prey of euery Cut-purſe. When hee comes home, thoſe wonders ſerue him for his Holy-day talke. If hee goe to Court, it is in yellow ſtockings; and if it be in Winter, in a ſlight taffetie cloake, and pumps and pantofles. He is chaind, that wooes the vſher for his comming into the preſence, where hee becoms troubleſome with the ill managing of his Rapier, and the wearing of his girdle of one faſhion, and the hangers of another; by this time he hath learned to kiſſe his hand, and make a Leg both together, and the names of Lords and Counſellours; hee hath thus much toward entertainment and courteſie, but of the laſt hee makes more vſe; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, hee coniures his poor country-men. But this is not his element, he muſt home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A Fine

A Fine Gentle-man.

Is *the Cynamon tree*, whose barke is more worth then his body. Hee hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it. He alloweth of no iudge, but the eye; painting, boulstring, and bombasting are his *Oratours*: by these also hee prooues his industry: for hee hath purchased legs, haire, beautie, and straightnesse, more then nature left him. He vnlockes maiden-heads with his language, and speakes *Euphues*, not so gracefully as beastly. His discourse makes not his behauiour, but hee buies it at Court, as Countrey men their cloathes in Birchin-lane. Hee is somewhat like the *Salamander*, and liues in the flame of loue, which paines he expresseth comically: and nothing grieues him so much, as the want of a Poet to make an issue in his loue; yet he sighs sweetly, and speakes lamentably:

tably : for his breath is perfumed, and his words are winde. He is beſt in ſeaſon at Chriſtmas ; for the Boares head and Reueller come together ; his hopes are laden in his quality: & leſt Fidlers ſhould take him vnprouided, hee weares pumps in his pocket : and leſt hee ſhould take Fidlers vnprouided, he whiſtles his owne Galliard. He is a Calender of ten yeeres, and marriage ruſts him. Afterwards he maineraines himſelfe an implement of houſhold by caruing and vſhering. For all this, he is iudiciall onely in Taylours and Barbers, but his opinion is euer ready, and euer idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers ſhoppe is the witneſſe of his valour, where lies wounded, dead, rent, and out of faſhion, many a ſpruce Sute, ouerthrowen by his fantaſtickneſſe.

An Elder

An Elder Brother.

IS a creature borne to the best aduantage of things without him, that hath the start at the beginning, but loyters it away before the ending. Hee lookes like his Land, as heauily, and dartily, as stubbornly. He dares doe any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his fathers life and minority. The first thing hee makes known is his estate; and the Loadstone that drawes him is the vpper end of the Table. Hee wooeth by a particular, and his strongest argument is the ioynture. His obseruation is all about the fashion, and hee commends Patelets for a rare deuise. He speakes no language, but cries of dogs or hawkes; and his ambition flies Iustice height. He loues to bee commended, and hee will goe into the Kitchin, but heele haue it. He loues glory, but is so lazie, as hee is content with flattery. Hee speakes most of the precedency

dency of age, and protests fortune the greatest vertue. He summoneth the old seruants, and tels what strange acts he wil doe when he raignes. He verily beleeues housekeepers the best common-wealths men; and therefore studies baking, brewing, greasing, and such, as the timbres of goodnesse. He iudgeth it no small signe of wisdome to talke much; his tongue therfore goes continually his errand, but neuer speeds. If his vnderstanding were not honester then his will, no man should keepe good counsell by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to tell all he can to opinion. His pedigree & his Fathers declaring, are the stiles of his braued disposition. He had rather keepe company with the dregs of men, then not to be the best man. His insinuation is the inuiting of men to his house; and he thinks it a great modesty to comprehend his cheere vnder a peece of Mutton and a Rabet: if he by this time be not knowen, he will goe home againe: for he can no more abide to haue himself concealed, then his land;

yet

yet he is as you see good for nothing, except to make a stallion, to maintaine the race.

A Braggadochio Welchman

IS the Oyster, that the Pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the minde in *Potentia*, and *actu* nothing but boldnesse. His clothes are in fashion before his body; and he accounts boldnesse the chiefest vertue. About all men he loues an Herrald, and speaks pedigrees naturally. He accounts none well descended, that call him not Couzen; and prefers *Owen Glendawer* before any of the nine Worthies. The first note of his familiarity is the confession of his valour; and so hee preuents quarrels. He vouchech Welch, a pure and vnconquered language, and courts Ladies with the story of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious

in

in his owne conceit, and vpon S. *Daniel* day without comparison.

A Pedant 18

HE treads in a rule, and one hand scannes verses, and the other holds his Scepter. He dares not think a thought that the nominatiue case gouerns not the Verbe; and hee neuer had meaning in his life, for he trauelled onely for words. His ambition is *Criticisme*, and his example *Tully*. Hee values phrases, and elects them by the sound; and the eight parts of speech are his Seruants. To be briefe, he is a *Heteroclite*, for he wants the plurall number, hauing onely the single quality of words.

A Sec-

A Seruing-man

IS a creature, which though hee bee not drunke, yet is not his owne man. Hee tels without asking who ownes him, by the ſuperſcription of his Liuery. His life is, for eaſe and leiſure, much about *Gentleman-like*. His wealth enough to ſuffice Nature, and ſufficient to make him happy, if he were ſure of it; for he hath little, and wants nothing, hee values himſelfe higher or lower, as his Maſter is. Hee hates or loues the Men, as his Maſter doth the Maſter. Hee is commonly proud of his Maſters horſes, or his Chriſtmas; he ſleeps when he is ſleepy, is of his religion, only the clock of his ſtomack is ſet to go an houre after his. He ſeldome breakes his owne clothes. He neuer drinkes but double, for hee muſt bee pledg'd; nor commonly without ſome ſhort ſentence nothing to the purpoſe: and ſeldome abſtaines till

hee come to a thirſt. His diſcretion is to be carefull for his Maſters credit, & his ſufficiency to marſhall diſhes at a Table, and to carue well. His neatneſſe conſiſts much in his haire and outward linnen. His courting language, viſible bawdy ieſts; and againſt his matter faile, he is alway ready furniſhed with a ſong. His inheritance is the Chamber-mayd, but often purchaſeth his Maſters daughter, by reaſon of opportunity, or for want of a better: he alwaies cuckolds himſelfe, and neuer marries but his owne widdow. His Maſter being appeaſed, hee becomes a Retainer, and entailes himſelfe and his poſterity vpon his heire-males for euer.

An Hoſt 20

IS the kernell of a Signe: or the Signe is the ſhell, & *mine Hoſt* is the Snaile.

He

He consists of double-beere and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thrift. Hee entertaines humbly, and giues his Guests power, as well of himselfe as house. He answers all mens expectations to his power, saue in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatnesse, to lay all mistakes vpon his seruants. His wife is the *Cummin-seed* of his Doue-house; and to bee a good Guest, is a warrant for her liberty. He traffiques for Guests by mens friends, friends-friend, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, hee is none of his owne: for hee neither eats, drinkes, or thinkes, but at other mens charges and appoyntments.

An Ostler

IS a thing that scrubbeth vnreasonably his horse, reasonably himselfe. He consists of Trauellers, though he bee none

himselfe. His highest ambition is to be *Hoste*, and the inuention of his signe is his greatest wit: for the expressing whereof he sends away the Painters for want of vnderstanding. Hee hath certaine charmes for a horse mouth, that he should not eat his hay; and behinde your backe, hee will cozen your horse to his face. His curry-combe is one of his best parts, for hee expresseth much by the gingling: and his mane-combe is a spinners card turn'd out of seruice. He puffes and blowes ouer your horse, to the hazard of a double lugge: and leaues much of the dressing to the prouerb of *Muli mutuo scabient*, One horse rubs another. Hee comes to him that cals lowdest, not first; hee takes a broken head patiently, but the knaue hee feeles not. His vtmost honesty is good fellowship, and he speakes Notherne, what country man soeuer. He hath a pension of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Sadler* for intelligence. He loues to see you ride, & holds your stirrop in expectation.

A good Wife.

IS a mans beſt moueable, a ſcien incorporate with the ſtocke, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her husband is more then a friend, leſſe then trouble: an equall with him in the yeake. Calamities and troubles ſhee ſhares alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not him. Shee is relatiue in all; and hee without her, but halfe himſelfe. She is his abſent hands, eies, eares, and mouth: his preſent and abſent All. She frames her nature vnto his howſoeuer: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sunne* more willingly. Stubborneneſſe and obſtinacy, are hearbes that grow not in her garden. She leaues tatling, to the goſſips of the towne, and is more ſeen then heard: Her houſhold is her charge, her care to that, makes her ſeldome *non reſident*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, & her thrift not to be prodigal. By her diſ-

cretion she hath children, not wantons; a Husband without her, is a miserie in mans apparell; none but shee hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staffe and a chaire. To conclude, shee is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholie man.

IS a straier from the droue: one that nature made sociable, because shee made him man, and a crazed disposition hath altered. Impleasing to all, as all to him; stragling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's his pleasure. His imagination is neuer idle, it keeps his minde in a continuall motion, as the poise the clocke: he windes vp his thoughts often, and as often vnwindes them; *Penelopes* webbe thriues faster. Hel'e seldome be found without the shade of some

some groue, in whose bottom a flud dwells. He carries a cloud in his face, neuer faire weather: his outside is framed to his inside, in that he keepes a *Deuonsir*, both vnseemly. Speake to him, he heares with his eyes, eares follow his mind, and that's not at leasure. Hee thinks businesse, but neuer does any: he is all contemplation, no action. He hewes and fashions his thoughts, as if he meant them to some purpose, but they proue vnprofitable, as a piece of wrought timber to no vse. His Spirits and the Sunne are enemies; the Sunne bright and warme, his humor blacke and cold: varietie of foolish apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breath, according to the necessities of nature; which makes him sup vp a draught of as much aire at once, as would serue at thrice. Hee denies nature her due in sleepe, and ouer-paies her with watchfulnesse: nothing pleaseth him long, but that which pleaseth his owne fantasies:

they are the conſuming euills, and euill conſumptions, that conſume him aliue. Laſtly, he is a man only in ſhew; but comes ſhort of the better part; a whole reaſonable ſoule, which is mans chiefe preheminence, and ſole marke from creatures ſenſible.

A Sailor

IS a pitcht peece of reaſon calkt and tackled, and onely ſtudied to diſpute with tempeſts. He is part of his owne Prouiſion, for he liues euer pickled. A fore-winde is the ſubſtance of his Creed; and freſh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is euer climing: out of which as naturally he feares; for hee is euer flying: time and he are euery where, euer contending who ſhall ariue firſt: hee is well winded, for he tires the day, and out-runne darkneſſe. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the beſt part mewed; and if he

he liue till three o'ates, is a Maſter. He ſees Gods wonders in the deep: but ſo as rather they appeare his play-fellowes, then ſtirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can conuert him, and then but his vpper deck neither; for his hold neither feares nor hopes. His ſleeps are but repreeuals of his dangers, and when he awakes, tis but next ſtage to dying. His wiſdome is the coldeſt part about him, for it euer points to the North: and it lyes loweſt, which makes his valor euerie tide ore-flow it. In a ſtorme tis diſputable, whether the noiſe be more his, or the Elements, and which will firſt leaue ſcolding; on which ſide of the ſhip he may be ſaued beſt, whether his faith bee ſtarre-bord faith, or lar-bord: or the helme at that time not all his hope of heauen: his keel is the Embleme of his conſcience, till it be ſplit hee neuer repents, then no farther then the land allowes him, and his language is a new confuſion: and all his thoughts new

nations

nations: his bodie and his ſhip are both one burthen, nor is it known who ſtowes moſt wine, or rowles moſt, only the ſhip is guided, he has no ſterne: a barnacle and hee are bred together both of one nature, and is feard one reaſon: vpon any but a woodden horſe hee cannot ride, and if the winde blow againſt him he dare not: hee ſwarues vp to his ſeat as to a faile yarde, and cannot ſit vnleſſe he beare a flag ſtaffe: if euer he be broken to the ſaddle, tis but a voyage ſtill, for hee miſtakes the bridle for a bowlin, and is euer turning his horſe taile: he can pray, but tis by rote, not faith, and when he would hee dares not, for his brackiſh beleefe hath made that *ominous*. A rocke or a quick-ſand plucke him before hee be ripe, elſe he is gathered to his friends at Wapping.

A Soul-

A Souldier. 25

IS the husband-man of valour, his sword is his plough, which honor and *aqua-vitæ*, two fiery mettald iades, are euer drawing. A younger brother best becomes Armes; an elder, the thanks for them; euery heat makes him a harueſt: and diſcontents abroad are his Sowers: he is actiuely his Princes, but paſſiuely his angers ſeruant. Hee is often a deſirer of learning, which once arriued at, proues his ſtrongeſt armour: he is a louer at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth then makes him ſeeme a handſome foe, lightly he couets not, leſſe is below him: he neuer truely wants, but in much hauing, for then his eaſe and letcherie afflict him: the word *Peace*, though in prayer, makes him ſtart, and God he beſt conſiders by his power: hunger and cold ranke in the ſame file

with

with him, and hold him to a man: his honour else, and the desire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater then the sonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cause is (doubtfull) and that the best deuotion keeps best quarter: he seldom sees gray haires, some none at all, for where the sword failes, there the flesh giues fire: in charitie, he goes beyond the Clergy, for hee loues his greatest enemie best, much drinking. He seemes a full Student, for he is a great desirer of controuersies, he argues sharply, and carries his conclusion in his scabbard; in the first refining of mankind this was the gold, his actions are his ammell. His alay (for else you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heauie and wearie marches, lodgings as full of neede as cold diseases. No time to argue, but to execute. Line him with these, and linke him to his squadrons, and he appeares a most rich chaine for Princes.

A Taylor

A Taylor.

IS a creature made vp of ſhreds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when he was rough caſt. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to ſerue God, but to couer ſinne. Other mens pride is his beſt Patron, and their negligence, a maine paſſage to his profit. Hee is a thing of more then ordinary iudgement: For by vertue of that, he buieth land, buildeth houſes and raiſeth the lowe ſet rooſe of his croſſe legged Fortune. His actions are ſtrong incounters, and for their notoriouſneſſe alwaies vpon Record. It is neither *Amadic de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that is able to reſiſt them. A tenne groates fee ſetteth them on foote, and a brace of Officers bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spaniſh Pike, to the hazard of many poore Egyptian vermins; and

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in ſhew of his valour, ſcorneth a greater Gantlet, then will couer the toppe of his middle-finger. Of all weapons he moſt affecteth the long Bill, and this he will manage to the great preiudice of a Cuſtomers eſtate. His ſpirit notwithſtanding is not ſo much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, he neither bites nor barkes, but when your backe is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed ſnow: *Prometheus* was a ſleepe while it was making. He differeth altogether from God; for with him the beſt peeces are ſtill marked out for damnation, and without hope of recouery ſhal be caſt downe into hell. Hee is partly an Alchimiſt; for hee extracteth his owne apparell out of other mens clothes; and when occaſion ſerueth, making a Brokers ſhop his Alembike, can turne your ſilkes into gold, and hauing furniſhed his neceſſities, after a moneth or two, if he be vrg'd vnto it, reduce them againe to their proper ſubſtance

ſubſtance. Hee is in part likewiſe an Arithmetician, cunning enough in Multiplication and addition, but cannot abide ſubſtraction: *Summa totalis*, is the Language of his *Canalis*; *& vſq; ad vltimum quadrantem*, the period of all his Charitie. For any skill in *Geometrie*, I dare not commend him; For he could neuer yet finde out the dimenſions of his owne conſcience: Notwithſtanding he hath many bottoms, it ſeemeth this is alwaies bottomleſſe. He is double yarded, and yet his ſemall complaineth of want of meaſure. And ſo, with a *Libera nos à malo*; I leaue you promiſing to amend whatſoeuer is a miſſe, at his next ſetting.

A Puritane.

IS a diſeas'd peece of *Apocripha*: binde him to the Bible, and hee corrupts the whole text: Ignorance, and fat feed, are

are his Founders; his Nurſes, Railing, Rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blaſt of winde; For betweene two religions, as betweene two doores, he is euer whiſtling. Truly whoſe childe he is, is yet vnknown; For willingly his faith allowes no Father: onely thus farre his pedegree is found, Bragger and he flouriſht about a time firſt; his fierie zeale keepes him continuall coſtiue, which withers him into his owne tranſlation, and till hee eate a Schooleman, he is hidebound; hee euer praies againſt *Non Reſidents*, but is himſelfe the greateſt diſcontinuer, for hee neuer keepes neere his text: any thing that the Law allowes, but Marriage, and March-beere, hee murmures at; what it diſallowes, and holdes dangerous, makes him a diſcipline. Where the gate ſtandes open, he is euer ſeeking a ſtile: and where his Learning ought to climbe, he creepes through; giue him aduice, you runne into *Traditions*, and vrge a modeſt

courſe

course, he cries out *Councels*. His greatest care is, to contemne obedience, his last care to serue God, handsomely and cleanly; Hee is now become so crosse a kinde of teaching, that should the Church enioyne cleane shirts, he were lowsie: more sense then single praiers is not his; nor more in those, then still the same petitions: from which hee either feares a learned Faith, or doubts God vnderstands not at first hearing. Shew him a Ring, he runs backe like a Beare; and hates square dealing as allied to caps, a paire of Organs blow him out o'th Parish, and are the only glister pipes to coole him. Where the meate is best, there he confutes most, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating: good bits hee holds breedes good positions, and the Pope he best concludes against, in Plum-broth. He is often drunk, but not as we are, temporally, nor can his sleepe then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very soule reele, and that

ſmall Beere that ſhould alay him (ſilence) keepes him more ſurfeited, and makes his heate breake out in priuate houſes: women and Lawyers are his beſt Diſciples, the one next fruit, longs for forbidden Doctrine, the other to maintain forbidden titles, both which he ſowes amongſt them. Honeſt hee dare not be, for that loues order: yet if he can be brought to Ceremonie, & made but maſter of it, he is conuerted.

A Whoore 28

ISa hie way to the Diuell, hee that lookes vpon her with deſire, begins his voiage: he that ſtaies to talke with her, mends his pace, and who enioies her is at his iourneis end: Her body is the tilted Lees of pleaſure, daſht ouer with a little decking to hold colour: taſt her, ſhe's dead, and fals vpon the pallate; the ſins of other women ſhew

in

in Landſcip, far off and full of ſhadow; hers in Statue, neere hand, and bigger in the life: ſhe prickes betimes, for her ſtocke is a white thorne, which cut & grafted on, ſhe growes a Medler: Her trade is oppoſite to any other, for ſhe ſets vp without credit, and too much cuſtome breakes her; The mony that ſhe gets is like a traitors, giuen only to corrupt her, and what ſhe gets, ſerues but to pay diſeaſes. She is euer moo'rd in ſinne, and euer mending, and after thirty, ſhe is the Chirurgians creature; ſhame and Repentance are two ſtrangers to her, and only in an hoſpitall acquainted: ſhe liues a Reprobate, like *Caine*, ſtill branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flies the face of Iuſtice like a Fellon. The firſt yeare of her trade ſhe is an Eyeſſe ſcratches and cries to draw on more, affection: the ſecond Soare: the third a Ramage whoore: the fourth and fifth, ſhe's an intermewer, preies for her ſelfe, and ruffles all ſhe reaches; from thence to

tenne ſhee beares the name of white whoore, for then her bloud forſakes her with ſalt Rheumes, and now ſhee has mewd three coates; Now ſhee growes weary and diſeas'd together, fauours her wing, checkes little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, & ſcoures to keepe her coole, yet ſtill ſhe takes in ſtones, ſhe fires her ſelfe elſe: the next remoue is Haggard, ſtil more cunning, and if my art deceiue mee not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled now vpon her, and line her perch, or now ſhe mews her pounces, at all theſe yeares ſhee flies at fooles and kils too: the next is Buſſard Bawde, and there I leaue her.

A very Whoore 29

I Saw woman. She enquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching. She kiſſeth open mouth'd,

mouth'd, and ſpits in the palmes of her hands to make them moiſt. Her eies are like free-booters liuing vpon the ſpoile of ſtragglers; and ſhe baites her deſires with a million of poſtitute countenances, and entiſements; In the light ſhe liſtneth to Parlies: but in the darke ſhe vnderſtands ſignes beſt. She will ſell her ſmocke for Cuffes, and ſo her ſhoes be fine, ſhe cares not though her ſtockings want feet. Hers modeſty is curioſitie, and her ſmell is one of her beſt ornaments. She paſſeth not a ſpan breadth. And to haue done, ſhe is the Cooke and the meate dreſſing, her ſelfe all day, to bee taſted with the better appetite at night.

A meere Common Lawyer.

IS the beſt ſhadow to make a diſcreet one ſhew the fairer. He is a *Materia prima* informed by reports, actuated

by Statutes, and hath his Motion by the fauourable Intelligence of the Court. His Law is alwaies furnisht with a Commission to arraigne his Conscience: but vpon iudgement giuen he vsually sets it at large. He thinks no language worth knowing but his *Barragoüin*. Onely for that point hee hath been a long time at warres with *Priscian* for a Northerne Prouince. He imagines that by superexcellencie his profession only is learning, and that its a prophanation of the temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the liberall Arts be there admitted to offer strange incense to Her. For indeed he is all for money. Seuen or eight yeares squires him out, some of his Nation lesse standing: and euer since the Night of his Call, he forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *Actu* or *potentia*) enioies his pickadels. His Landresse is then shrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe: His perpetuall badge. His loue letters of

the laſt yeare of his Gentlemanſhip are ſtuft with *Diſcontinuances*, *Remitters*, and *Vncore priſts*: but now being enabled to ſpeake in proper perſon, hee talkes of a French hood, inſteede of a Iointure, wages his law, and ioines iſſue. Then he begins to ſticke his letters in his ground Chamber window; that ſo the ſuperſcription may make his Squire-ſhip tranſparent. His Heraldry giues him place before the Miniſter, becauſe the Law was before the Goſpell. Next termne hee walkes his hoopſleeue gowne to the Hall; there it proclaimes him. He feedes fat in the Reading, and till it chances to his turn, diſlikes no houſe order ſo much, as that the month is ſo contracted to a fortnight. Mongſt his countrey neighbours, he arrogates aſmuch honor for being Reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had been of his owne houſe. For they, poore ſoules, take Law and Conſcience, Court and Chancery for all one. He learnd to frame his Caſes

from putting Riddles and imitating *Merlins* Propheſies, and ſo ſet all the Croſſe row together by the eares. Yet his whole Law is not able to decide *Lucians* one olde controuerſie twixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. Hee accounts no man of his Cap and coate idle, but who trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no life or qualitie for it ſelfe, but for gaine; and that at leaſt, to the ſtating him in a Iuſtice of peaceſhip, which is the firſt quickning ſoule ſuperadded to the elementary and inanimate forme of his new Title. His termes are his wiues vacations. Yet ſhee then may vſurpe diuers Court-daies, and hath her *Returnes in Menſem*, for writs of entry; often ſhorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in Aſſiſe time (the circuit being long) he may haue a triall at home againſt him by *Niſi Prius*. No way to heauen, he thinkes, ſo wiſe, as through *Weſt-minſter Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it viſit both heauen and hell. Yet then he oft

forgets

forgets his iourneis end, although he looke on the *Starre-Chamber*. Neither is hee wholie deſtitute of the Arts. *Grammer* he hath, enough to make terminations of thoſe words which his authoritie hath endenizon'd. *Rhetorike* ſome; but ſo little, that its thought a concealement. *Logike* enough to wrangle. *Arithmetike* enough for the Ordinals of his yecre-bookes, and number-rolles: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute againſt it. So much *Geometrie*, that hee can aduice in a *Perambulatione facienda*; or a *Rationalibus diuiſis*. In *Aſtronomie* and *Aſtrologie* he is ſo far ſeene, that by the *Dominicall* latter, he knowes the Holy-dayes, and finds by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Terme will be long and dirty. Marry, he knowes ſo much in *Muſique*, that he affects onely the moſt and cunningeſt *Diſcords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*, eſpecially ſong, except *in fine*. His skill in *Perſpective* endeauours much to deceiue the eye of the Lawe, and gines

many

many falſe colours. He is ſpecially practiſed in *Necromancie*, (ſuch a kinde as is out of the Statute of *Primo*) by raiſing many *dead Queſtions*. What ſufficiency he hath in *Criticiſme*, the fowle Copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the ſame coat, which are much to bee honoured, partake of diuers of his indifferent qualities, but ſo, that *Diſcretion*, *Vertue*, and ſometimes other *good learning*, concurring and diſtinguiſhing Ornaments to them, make them as a foyle, to ſet their worth on.

A Meere Scholler. 31

A Meere Scholler is an intelligible Aſſe: Or a ſilly fellow in blacke, that ſpeakes Sentences more familiarly then Senſe. The Antiquity of his Vniuerſity is his Creed, and the excellency of his Colledge (though but for a match at Foot-ball) an Article of his faith:

faith: he ſpeakes Latine better then his Mother-tongue; and is a ſtranger in no part of the World, but his owne Countrey: he do's vſually tell great ſtories of himſelf to ſmall purpoſe, for they are cõmonly ridiculous, be they true or falſe: his Ambition is, that hee either is, or ſhall be a Graduate: but if euer he get a Fellowſhip, hee ha's then no fellow. In ſpite of all *Logick* he dare ſweare and maintaine it, that a Cuckold and a Townſ-man are *Termini Conuertibiles*, though his Mothers husband bee an *Alderman*: he was neuer begotten (as it ſeemes) without much wrangling; for his whole life is ſpent in *Pro & Contra*: his tongue goes alwaies before his wit, like a Gentleman-vſher, but ſomewhat faſter. That he is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Capapea*; witneſſe his horſemanſhip, and the weating of his weapons: hee is commonly long-winded, able to ſpeake more with eaſe, then any man can endure to heare with patience. Vniuerſity ieſts are his vniuerſall

diſcourſe,

diſcourſe, and his newes the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phraſe, the apparell of his mind, is made vp of diuers ſhreds like a Cuſhion, and when it goes plaineſt 't hath a Raſh outſide, and Fuſtian linings. The currant of his ſpeech is cloſ'd with an *Ergô*; and what euer be the queſtion, the trueth is on his ſide. Tis a wrong to his reputation to bee ignorant of any thing; and yet he knowes not that hee knowes nothing: hee giues directions for husbandry from *Virgils Georgicks*; for Cattell from his *Bucolicks*; for Warlike Stratagems, from his *Æneides*, or *Cæſars Commentaries*: hee orders all things by the Booke, is skilfull in all trades, and thriues in none: he is led more by his eares then his vnderſtanding, taking the ſound of words for their true ſenſe: and do's therefore confidently beleeue, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of hereticks, *Rodolphus Agricola*, a ſubſtantiall Farmer; and will not ſticke to auerre, that *Syſtema's Logicke* doth excell *Keckermans*: his ill

lucke

lucke is not so much in being a foole, as in being put to such paines to expresse it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much adoe) is artificiall: his pouerty is his happinesse, for it makes some men beleeue, that hee is none of fortunes fauorites. That learning which hee hath, was in Non-age put in backeward like a Glister, and 'tis now like Ware mislayd in a Pedlers packe; a ha's it, but knowes not where it is. In a word, hee is the Index of a man, and the Title-page of a Scholler, or a Puritane in morality, much in profession, nothing in practise.

A Tinker 32

IS a mooueable: for hee hath no abiding place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his chollericke nature. He seemes to bee very deuout, for his life is a continuall Pilgrimage, and some-

ſometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making neceſſity a vertue. His houſe is as ancient as *Tubal-Caines*, and ſo is a runnagate by antiquity: yet hee prooues himſelfe a Gallant, for he carries all his wealth vpon his backe; or a Philoſopher, for hee beares all his ſubſtance about him. From his Art was Muſicke firſt inuented, and therefore is hee alwayes furniſht with a ſong: to which his hammer keeping tune, prooues that he was the firſt founder of the Kettle-drumme. Note that where the beſt Ale is, there ſtands his muſicke moſt vpon crotchets. The companion of his trauels is ſome foule ſunne-burnt Queane, that ſince the terrible Statute recanted Gypſiſme, and is turned Pedlereſſe. So marches he all ouer England with his bag and baggage. His conuerſation is vnreproueable; for he is euer mending. He obſerues truely the Statutes, and therfore he had rather ſteale then begge, in which he is vnremoueably conſtant in ſpight of whips or im-

priſon-

priſonment: and ſo ſtrong an enemy to idleneſſe, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three then want work; and when hee hath done, hee throwes the Wallet of his faults behinde him. Hee embraceth naturally ancient cuſtomes, conuerſing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If hee viſit Cities or Townes, tis but to deale vpon the imperfections of our weaker veſſels. His tongue is very voluble, which with Canting prooues him a *Linguiſt*. Hee is entertain'd in euery place, but enters no further then the doore, to auoid ſuſpicion. Some would take him to be a Coward; but beleeue it, hee is a Lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or fower yards long, faſtned to a pike in the end for flying off. Hee is very prouident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then alſo hee had rather ſubmit then bee counted obſtinate. To conclude, if he ſcape Tiburne and Banbury, he dies a begger.

An Apparatour 33

IS a Chick of the Egge Abuſe, hatcht by the warmth of authority: he is a bird of rapine, and beginnes to prey, and feather together. He croakes like a Rauen againſt the death of rich men, and ſo gets a Legacy vnbequeat'd: his happineſſe is in the multitude of children, for their increaſe is his wealth; and to that end, hee himſelfe yeerely addes one. He is a cunning hunter, vncouping his intelligencing hounds, vnder hedges, in thickets, and corn-fields, who follow the chaſe to City-Suburbs, where often his game is at couert: his quiuer hangs by his ſide, ſtuft with ſiluer arrowes, which hee ſhoots againſt Church-gates, and priuate mens dores, to the hazard of their purſes and credit. There went but a paire of ſheeres, betweene him and the Purſiuant of Hell, for they both delight in ſin, grow richer

richer by it, and are by iuſtice appointed to puniſh it: onely the Diuell is more cunning, for hee pickes a Liuing out of others gaines. His liuing lieth in his eyes, which (like ſpirits) hee ſends through chinckes, and key-holes, to ſuruey the places of darkeneſſe; for which purpoſe, he ſtudieth the opticks, but can diſcouer no colour but blacke, for the pure white of chaſtity dazleth his eyes. He is a Catholike, for hee is euery where; and with a Politicke, for he transformes himſelfe into all ſhapes. He trauels on foot to auoid idleneſſe, and loues the Church entirely, becauſe it is the place of his edification. He accounts not all ſinnes mortall; for fornication with him is a veniall ſinne, and to take bribes a matter of charity: hee is collector for burnings, and loſſes at Sea, and in caſting account, can readily ſubtract the leſſer from the greater ſumme. Thus liues he in a golden age, till death by a proceſſe, ſummons him to appeare.

An Almanacke-maker 34

IS the worſt part of an Aſtronomer: a creature compact of figures, characters, and cyphers: out of which he ſcores the fortune of a yeere, not ſo profitably, as doubtfully. He is tenant by cuſtome to the Planets, of whom he holds the 12. Houſes by leaſe parol: to them he payes yeerely rent, his ſtudy, and time; yet lets them out againe (with all his heart) for 40. s. *per annum*. His life is meerely contemplatiue: for his practiſe, tis woorth nothing, at leaſt not worthy of credit; & (if by chance) he purchaſe any, hee loſeth it againe at the yeeres end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Tycho-Barche* are his Patrons, whoſe volumes he vnderſtands not, but admires; and the rather becauſe they are Strangers, and ſo eaſier to bee credited, then controul'd. His life is vpright, for he is alwaies looking

vpward;

vpward; yet dares beleeue nothing aboue *Primum mobile*, for tis out of the reach of his *Iacobs Staffe*. His charity extends no further then to Mountebanks and Sow-gelders, to whom hee bequeathes the seasons of the yeere, to kill or torture by. The verses in his Booke haue a worse pace then euer had *Rochester* Hackney: for his Prose, 'tis dappled with Inke-horne tearmes, and may serue for an Almanacke: but for his iudging of the vncertainty of weather, any old Shepheard shall make a Dunce of him. He would bee thought the Diuels Intelligencer for stoln goods: if euer he steale out of that quality, as a flie turnes to a Maggot, so the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Empiricke: his workes flye foorth in small volumes, yet not all, for many ride post to Chaundlers and Tobacco shops in Folio. To be briefe, he fals three degrees short of his promises; yet is hee the Key to vnlocke Termes, and Law-dayes, a dumbe *Mercury* to

point out high-wayes, and a Bayliffe of all Marts and Faires in England. The reſt of him you ſhall know next yeere; for what hee will be then, hee himſelfe knowes not.

An Hypocrite.

IS a gilded *Pill*, compoſ'd of two vertuous ingredients, *Naturall diſhoneſty*, and *Artificiall diſſimulation*. *Simple Fruit*, *Plant* or *Drug*, he is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *Ill will Nature* and *falſe Art*, by a monſtrous *generation*; and may well bee put into the reckoning of thoſe creatures that God neuer made. In *Church* or *Commen-wealth*, (for in both theſe this *Mongrell-weed* will ſhoote) it is hard to ſay whether he be *Phyſicke* or a *Diſeaſe*: for he is both, in diuers reſpects.

As he is gilt with an out ſide of *Seeming purity*, or as he offreth himſelfe to

you

you to be taken downe in a cup or taſte of *Golden zeale* and *Simplicity*, you may call him *phyſicke*. Nay, and neuer let *potion* giue *Patient* good ſtoole, if being truely taſted and reliſht, hee be not as loathſome to the ſtomacke of any honeſt man.

He is alſo *Phyſicke*, in being as commodious for vſe, as he is odious in taſte, if the *Body* of the *company* into which he is taken, can make true vſe of him. For the malice of his nature makes him ſo *Informer-like-dangerous*, in taking aduantage, of any thing done or ſayde: yea, euen to the ruine of his makers, if hee may haue Benefit; that ſuch a creature in a ſociety makes men as carefull of their ſpeeches and actions, as the ſight of a known Cut-purſe in a throng, makes them watchfull ouer their purſes and pockets: he is alſo in this reſpect profitable Phyſicke, that his conuerſation beeing once truely taſted and diſcouered, the hatefull foulneſſe of it will make thoſe that are not fully like him,

to purge all such Diseases as are ranke in him, out of their owne liues; as the sight of some Citizens on horse-backe, makes a iudicious man amend his own faults in horsemanship. If none of these vses can bee made of him, let him not long offend the stomacke of your company; your best way is to spue him out. That he is a Disease in the body where hee liueth, were as strange a thing to doubt, as whether there bee knauery in Horse-coursers. For, if amongst Sheep, the rot; amongst Dogs, the mange; amongst Horses, the glaunders; amongst Men and Women, the Northerne itch, and the French Ache bee diseases; an Hypocrite cannot but be the like in all States and Societies that breede him. If he be a Cleargy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the most part so proper to him, as hee will grudge any man the practise of it but himselfe; like that graue Burgesse, who being desired to lend his cloathes to represent a part in a Comedy, answered; *No, by his*

leaue,

leane, he would haue no body play the foole in his cloathes but himselfe. Hence are his so austere reprehensions of drinking healths, lasciuious talke, vsury and vnconscionable dealing; when as himselfe hating the profane mixture of malt & water, will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the purity of the Grape, when he can get it of anothers cost: But this must not bee done neither, without a preface of seeming lothnesse, turning vp the eyes, mouing the head, laying hand on the brest, and protesting that he would not doe it, but to strengthen his body, being euen consumed with dissembled zeale, and tedious and thankelesse babling to God and his Auditors. And for the other vices, doe but venture the making your selfe priuate with him, or trusting of him, & if you come off without a sauor of the aire which his soule is infected with, you haue great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you shall commonly see carried vpon the

backe of these two beasts, that liue within him, *Ignorance* and *Imperiousnesse*: and they may well serue to cary other vices, for of themselues they are insupportable. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all science, humane or diuine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy, or sincere, but the senseleſſe collections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his inflamed spirit, and the endleſſe labors of his eternall tong; the motions wherof, when matter and words faile, (as they often doe) must be patched vppe, to accomplish his foure houres in a day at the least, with long and feruent *hummes*. Any thing else, either for language or matter hee cannot abide, but thus censureth: *Latine*, the language of the *Beast*; *Greeke*, the tongue wherin the *Heathen Poets* wrote their fictions; *Hebrue*, the speech of the *Iewes*, that crucified *Christ*: *Controuersies* doe not edifie; *Logique* and *Philosophy*, are the subtilties of *Sathan*, to deceiue

ceiue the *Simple*; Humane ſtories *profane*, and not ſauouring of the *Spirit*; In a word, all decent and ſenſible forme of Speech and perſwaſion (though in his owne tongue) vaine *Oſtentation*. And all this, is the burthen of his *Ignorance*: ſauing that ſometimes *Idleneſſe* will put in alſo, to beare a part of the baggage.

His other *Beaſt Imperiouſneſſe*, is yet more proudly loaden, it carrieth a burthen, that no cords of *Authoritie*, *Spirituall*, nor *Temporall* ſhould binde, if it might haue the full ſwinge: No *Pilate*, no *Prince* ſhould command him: Nay, he will command them, and at his pleaſure cenſure them, if they will not ſuffer their eares to bee fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations, their purſes to be emptied with the inundations of his vnſatiable humor, and their iudgements to bee blinded with the muffler of his *zealous Ignorance*. For this doth he familiarly inſult ouer his *Maintainer* that breedes

him,

him, his *Patrone* that feedes him, and in time ouer all them that will ſuffer him to ſet a foote within their doores, or put a finger in their purſes. All this, and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees* and *Vniuerſities*, as reliques of *Superſtition*, hath leapt from a Shop-bord, or a Cloke-bag, to a Deske, or Pulpit, and that like a Sea god in a *Pageant*, hath the roten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, couered ouer with the painted cloth of a pure gown, and a night-cap; and with a falſe Trumpet of *Fained-zeale*, draweth after him ſome poore *Nymphes* and *Madmen*, that delight more to reſort to darke Caues and ſecret places, then to open and publike aſſemblies. The *Lay-Hypocrite*, is to the other a *Champion*, *Diſciple* and *Subiect*; and will not acknowledge the Tithe of the *Subiection*, to any *Miter*, no, not to any *Scepter*, that he will do to the hooke & crooke of his zeale-blinde Shepheard. No *Ieſuites* demand more blinde and abſo-

lute

lute obedience from their vaſſals; no Magiſtrates of the *Canting* ſocietie, more ſlauiſh ſubiection from the members of that trauelling ſtate, then the Clerke *Hypocrites* expect from theſe lay Pupils. Nay, they muſt not onely be obeyed, fedde, and defended, but admired too: and that their Lay followers do as ſincerely, as a ſhirtleſſe fellow with a Cudgell vnder his arme doth a face-wringing *Ballet-ſinger*; a *Water-bearer* on the floore of a *Playhouſe*, a wide-mouth'de *Poet*, that ſpeakes nothing but bladders & bumbaſt. Otherwiſe, for life and profeſſion, nature and Art, inward and outward, they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypſies*: they are all *zeale*, no *knowledge*; All puritie, no humanitie; all ſimplicitie, no honeſtie: and if you neuer truſt them they will neuer deceiue you.

A Maquer-

36

A Maquerela, in plain Engliſh, a Bawd

ISan old *Char-cole*, that hath beene burnt her ſelfe, and therefore is able to kindle a whole green Coppice. The burden of her ſong is like that of *Fryer Bacons* Head; *Time is, Time was, and Time is paſt*: in repeating which, ſhe makes a wicked brazen face, & weepes in the Cuppe, to alay the heate of her *Aqua-vitæ*. Her teeth are falne out; mary her Noſe, and chin, intend very ſhortly to be friends, and meete about it. Her yeeres are ſixty and odde: that ſhe accounts her beſt time of trading; for a *Bawde* is like a Medlar, ſhee's not ripe, till ſhe be rotten. Her enuie is like that of the Diuell; To haue all faire women like her; and becauſe it is impoſſible they ſhould catch it being ſo young, ſhe hurries them to it by diſeaſes. Her *Parke* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deere in it are Raſcall:

Raſcall: yet poore Cottagers in the Countrey (that know her but by heare-ſay) thinke well of her; for what ſhe incloſes to day, ſhe makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her ſelfe are all remou'd in one ſort, onely ſhee makes bold to take the vpper hand of them, and to be Carted before them; the thought of which, makes her ſhee cannot endure a poſſet, becauſe it puts her in minde of a Baſon. She ſits continually at a rackt Rent; eſpecially, if her *Landlord* beare office in the Pariſh: for her moueables in the houſe; (beſides her quicke cattell) they are not worth an *Inuentory*, onely her beds are moſt commonly in print: ſhee can eaſily turne a ſempſtreſſe, into a waiting gentlewoman, but her Warde-robe is moſt infectious, for it brings them to the *Falling-ſickneſſe*: ſhe hath only this one ſhew of *Temperance*, that let a Gentleman ſend for tenne pottles of wine in her houſe, hee ſhall haue but tenne quarts; and if he want it that way, let

him

him pay for't, and take it out in ſtewde prunes. The Iuſtices Clarke ſtandes many times her very good friend: and workes her peace with the *Iuſtice* of *Quorum*. Nothing ioies her ſo much as the comming ouer of *Strangers*, nor daunts her ſo much as the approach of Shrouc-tueſday. In fine, not to foule more paper with ſo foule a ſubiect, hee that hath paſt vnder her, hath paſt the *Equinoctiall*; He that hath ſcap't her, hath ſcap't worſe then the *Cadenture*.

A Chamber-Maide.

SHe is her Miſtreſſes ſhe Secretarie, and keepes the box of her teeth, her haire, and her painting, very priuate. Her induſtrie is vp-ſtaires, and downe-ſtaires like a drawer: and by her drie hand you may know ſhe is a fore ſtarcher. If ſhe lie at her Maſters beds feete ſhe is quit of the *Greene-ſickneſſe* fore e-

uer.

uer; For ſhee hath terrible dreames when ſhe is awake, as if ſhe were troubled with the *night Mare*. She hath a good liking to dwell ith Countrey, but ſhe holds *London*, the goodlieſt Forreſt in *England*, to ſhelter a great *Belly*. She reades *Greenes* workes ouer and ouer, but is ſo carried away with the *Myrrour of Knighthood*, ſhe is many times reſolud to run out of her ſelfe, and become a Lady Errant. If ſhe catch a clap, ſhee diuides it ſo equally between the Maſter and the Seruingman, as if ſhe had cut out the getting of it by a Threed: onely the knaue *Sumner* makes her bowle booty, and ouer-reach the Maſter. The pedant of the houſe, though he promiſe her Marriage, cannot grow further inward with her, ſhe hath paide for her credulitie often, & now growes wearie. She likes the forme of our marriage very well, in that a woman is not tied to anſwere to any Articles concerning queſtion of her virginitie: Her minde, her body, and Clothes,

are

are parcels loosely tackt together, and for want of good vtterance, shee perpetually laughes out her meaning. Her Mistris and shee helpe to make away *Time*, to the idlest purpose that can be, either for loue or money. In briefe, these *Chambermaides* are like Lotteries: you may draw twenty, ere one worth any thing.

A Precisian. 38

TO speake no otherwise of this *varnisht Rottennesse* then in truth and verity he is, I must define him to be a demure Creature, full of orall Sanctitie, and mentall impietie; a faire obiect to the eye, but starke nought for the vnderstanding: or else a violent thing, much giuen to contradiction. He will be sure to be in opposition with the *Papist*, though it be sometimes accompanied with an absurdity; like

like the Ilanders neere adioyning vnto *China*, who salute by putting off their shooes, because the men of *China* do it by their hats. If at any time he fast, it is vpon Sunday, and he is sure to feast vpon Friday. He can better afford you tenne lies, then one oath, and dare commit any sinne gilded with a pretence of sanctitie. He will not sticke to commit fornication or Adulterie, so it be done in the feare of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can finde in his hart to lie with any whore, saue the whore of *Babylon*. To steale he holds it lawfull, so it bee from the wicked and *Ægyptians*. He had rather see *Antichrist*, then a picture in the Church window: and chuseth sooner to be halfe hanged, then see a legge at the name of *IESVS*, or one stand at the *Creede*. He conceiues his praier in the kitchin, rather then in the Church, and is of so good discourse, that hee dares challenge the *Almighty*, to talke with him *ex tempore*. He thinkes euery

Organist is in the state of damnation, and had rather heare one of *Robert Wisdomes psalmes*, then the best *Hymne a Cherubin* can sing. He will not breake winde without an *Apologie*, or asking forgiuenesse, nor kisse a Gentlewoman for feare of lusting after her. He hath nicknamde all the Prophets and Apostles with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally, he is so sure of his saluation, that he will not change places in heauen, with the *Virgin Marie*, without boote.

An Innes of Court man. 39

HE is distinguished from a Scholler by a paire of silke stockings, and a Beauer Hat, which makes him contemne a Scholler as much as a Scholler doth a Scholemaster. By that he hath heard one mooting, and seen two plaies, he thinkes as basely of the

Vniuersitie

Vniuersity, as a young *Sophister* doth of the *Grammer-schoole*. He talkes of the *Vniuersity*, with that state, as if he were her Chancellour; finds fault with alterations, and the fall of *Discipline*, with an *It was not so when I was a Student*; although that was within this halfe yeare. He will talke ends of *Latine*, though it be false, with as great confidence, as euer *Cicero* could pronounce an Oration, though his best authors for't, be *Tauerns* & *Ordinaries*. He is as farre behinde a *Courtier* in his fashion, as a scholler is behinde him: and the best grace in his behauiour, is to forget his *acquaintance*.

Hee laughes at euery man whose Band sits not well, or that hath not a faire shoo-ty, and he is ashamed to be seene in any mans company that weares not his clothes well. His very essence he placeth in his outside, and his chiefest prayer is, that his reuenues may hold out for Taffata cloakes in the Summer, and velvet in the winter.

For his recreation, hee had rather go to a Citizens Wife, then a Bawdy-house, only to saue charges: and hee holds Fee-taile to bee absolutely the best Tenure. To his acquaintance hee offers two quarts of wine, for one hee giues. You shall neuer see him melancholie, but when he wants a newe Suite, or feares a Seriant: At which times only, he betakes himselfe to *Ployden*. By that hee hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Licurgus*, and *Iustinian*, fooles, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chiefe-iustices*.

A meere Fellow of an House. 40

HE is one whose Hopes commonly exceed his Fortunes, & whose minde soares aboue his purse. If hee hath read *Tacitus*, *Guicchardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, hee contemnes the *late Lord-Treasurer*, for all the State-policie hee had;

had; and laughes to think what a foole he could make of *Salomon*, if hee were now aliue. Hee neuer weares new cloathes, but against a commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behinde the fashion. Hee hath sworne to see *London* once a yeare, though all his busines be to see a play, walke a turne in *Paules*, and obserue the fashion. He thinkes it a discredit to bee out of debt, which hee neuer likely cleeres, without resignation money. He will not leaue his part hee hath in the priuiledge ouer yong Gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the Empire of *Germany*: He praies as heartily for a Sealing, as a *Cormorant* doth for a deare yeare: yet commonly hee spends that reuenue before he receiues it.

At meales, he sits in as great state ouer his *Penny-Commons*, as euer *Vitellius* did at his greatest Banquet: and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If he be a leader of a *Faction*, hee thinkes himselfe greater then euer *Cæsar* was, or the *Turke* at this day is. And he had rather loose an Inheritance then an Office, when hee stands for it.

If he be to trauell, hee is longer furnishing himselfe for a fiue miles iourney, then a ship is rigging for a seuen yeares voyage. Hee is neuer more troubled, then when he is to maintain talke with a Gentle-woman: wherein he commits more absurdities, then a clowne in eating of an egge.

Hee thinkes himselfe as fine when he is in a cleane Band, and a new paire of shooes, as any Courtier doth, when he is first in a New-fashion.

Lastly, hee is one that respects no man in the *Vniuersitie*, and is respected by no man out of it.

A worthy Commander in the Warres.

IS one that accounts learning the nourishment of military vertue, and layes that as his first foundation. He neuer bloudies his sword but in heat of battell; and had rather saue one of his owne Souldiers, then kill ten of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vaine-glorious, and suspected bounty, to bee full of good words; his rewarding therfore of the deseruer arriues so timely, that his liberality can neuer bee sayd to be gouty handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can be an honest man, and dare die in't. Hee doth not think his body yeelds a more spreading shadowe after a victory then before; and when he lookes vpon his enemyes dead body, tis with a kinde of noble heauinesse, not insultation; hee is so honourably mercifull to women in

ſurpriſall, that onely, that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes the hazards of battels, not the pompe of Ceremonies, are Souldiers beſt Theaters, and ſtriues to gain reputation not by the multitude, but by the greatnes of his actions. Hee is the firſt in giuing the charge, and the laſt in retiring his foot. Equall toile he endures with the Common Souldier, from his example they all take fire as one Torch lights many. He vnderſtands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the firſt, and leaſt fault beeing ſufficient to ruine an Army: faults therfore he pardons none, they that are preſidents of diſorder or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his *Iuſtice*. Beſiege him neuer ſo ſtrictly, ſo long as the aire is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned aſwell to make vſe of a victory as to get it, and in purſuing his enemy like a whirlewinde carries all afore him; being aſſured if euer a man will benefit himſelfe vpon his foe, then is the time,

when

when they haue loſt force, wiſedome, courage and reputation. The goodneſſe of his cauſe is the ſpeciall motiue to his valour; neuer is hee knowen to ſlight the weakeſt enemy that comes arm'd againſt him in the hand of *Iuſtice*. Haſty and ouermuch heat he accounts the *Step-dame* to all great actions, that wil not ſuffer them to thriue; if he cānot ouercome his *enemy* by force, he does it by *Time*. If euer hee ſhake hands with warre, hee can die more calmely then moſt Courtiers, for his continuall dangers haue beene as it were ſo many meditations of death; hee thinkes not out of his owne calling, when he accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then beſt become him when armed *Cap à pea*. He vtters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horſebacke. Hee caſts a ſmiling cōtempt vpon *Calumnie*, it meets him as if *Glaſſe* ſhould encounter *Adamant*. He thinkes warre is neuer to be giuen ore, but on one of theſe three conditions: an aſſured *peace*, abſolute

ſolute *victory*, or an honeſt *death*. Laſtly, when peace folds him vp, his ſiluer head ſhould leane neere the golden Scepter, and die in his *Princes* boſome.

A vaine-glorious Coward in Command. 42

IS one that hath bought his place, or come to it by ſome Noble-mans letter, hee loues a life dead payes, yet wiſhes they may rather happen in his Company by the ſcuruy, then by a battell. View him at a muſter, and he goes with ſuch noiſe, as if his body were the wheelebarrow that carried his iudgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers. No man can worſe define betweene *Pride* and noble *Courteſie*: hee that ſalutes him not as farre a Piſtol carries leuell, giues him the *diſguſt* or *affront*, chuſe you whether. He traines by the booke,

booke, and reckons ſo many poſtures of the Pike and Muſket, as if hee were counting at Noddy. When hee comes at firſt vpon a Camiſado, he lookes like the foure windes in painting, as if hee would blow away the enemy; but at the very firſt onſet ſuffers feare & trembling to dreſſe themſelues in his face apparantly. He ſcorns any man ſhould take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, he hath been ſo humble minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troopes for him. He is ſo ſure armed for taking hurt, that he ſeldome does any: and while hee is putting on his Armes, he is thinking what ſumme hee can make to ſatisfie his ranſome. He will rail openly againſt all the great *Commanders* of the aduerſe party, yet in his owne conſcience allowes them for better men: ſuch is the nature of his feare, that contrary to all other filthy qualities, it make him thinkes better of another man then himſelfe. The firſt part of him that is ſet a running, is his

Eye-

Eye-sight: when that is once ſtruck with terrour, all the *Coſtiue Phyſicke* in the world cannot ſtay him; if euer he doe any thing beyond his owne heart, tis for a *Knighthood*, and he is the firſt kneeles for't without bidding.

A Pyrate, 43

TRuely defined, is a *bold Traitour*, for he fortifies a caſtle againſt the King. Giue him Sea-roome in neuer ſo ſmall a veſſel; and like a witch in a ſieue, you would think he were going to make merry with the Diuell. Of all callings his is the moſt deſperate, for he will not leaue off his theeuing thogh he be in a narrow priſon, and looke euery day (by tempeſt or fight) for execution. He is one plague the Diuell hath added, to make the Sea more terrible then a ſtorme; and his heart is ſo hardned in that rugged element, that hee

cannot

cannot repent, though hee view his graue (before him) continually open: he hath ſo little his own, that the houſe he ſleepes in is ſtolne; all the neceſſities of life hee filches, but one: hee cannot ſteale a ſound ſleepe, for his troubled conſcience: He is very gentle to thoſe vnder him, yet his rule is the horribleſt tyranny in the world: for hee giues licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty in his owne example: what hee gets, is ſmall vſe to him, onlie liues by it, (ſomwhat the longer) to do a little more ſeruice to his belly; for hee throwes away his treaſure vpon the ſhore in riot, as if he caſt it into the Sea. Hee is a *cruell Hawke* that flies at all but his own kind: and as a *Whale* neuer comes a ſhore, but when ſhe is wounded; ſo hee, very ſeldome, but for his neceſſities. He is the *Marchants booke*, that ſerues onely to reckon vp his loſſes; *a perpetuall plague* to noble traffique, the *Hurican of the Sea*, & the *Earth-quake of the Exchange*. Yet for all this giue him but his pardon,

and

and forgiue him restitution, hee may liue to know the inside of a Church, and die on this side Wapping.

An ordinarie Fencer 44

IS a fellow, that beside shauing of Cudgels, hath a good insight into the world, for he hath long been beaten to it. Flesh and bloud hee is like other men; but surely Nature meant him *Stock-fish*: his and a Dancing-schoole are inseparable adiuncts; and are bound, though both stinke of sweat most abominably, neither shall complaine of annoiance: three large bauins set vp his trade, with a bench; which (in the vacation of the afternoone) hee vses for his day bed; for a firkin to pisse in, hee shall be allowed that, by those make *Allom*: when hee comes on the Stage, at his Prize, hee makes a leg seuen seuerall waies, and scrambles

ſcrambles for money, as if he had been borne at the *Bathe* in *Somerſet-ſhire*: at his challenge hee ſhewes his mettall; for contrarie to all rules of Phyſicke, he dare bleed, though it be in the dog-daies: hee teaches *Diueliſh* play in's Schoole, but when he fights himſelfe, he doth it in the feare of a good Chriſtian. He compounds quarrels among his Schollers, and when hee hath brought the buſines to a good vpſhot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds are ſeldom aboue skin deep; for an inward bruſe, Lambe-ſtones and ſweet-breads are his only *Sperma Ceti*, which he eats at night, next his heart faſting: ſtrange Schoole-maſters they are, that euery day ſet a man as farre backward as he went forward; and throwing him into a ſtrange poſture, teach him to threſh *ſatisfaction* out of *iniurie*. One ſigne of a good nature is, that hee is ſtill open breaſted to his friends, for his foile, and his doublet, weare not aboue two buttons: and reſolute he is, for he

ſo

so much scornes to take blowes, that he neuer weares *Cuffes*: and he liues better contented with a little, then other men; for if he haue two eyes in's head, he thinks Nature hath ouerdone him. The Lord Maiors triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flourish. Lastly, these Fencers are such things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more Letters then only to read their Patent.

A Puny-clarke. 45

HE is tane from *Grammar-schoole* halfe codled, and can hardly shake off his dreames of breeching in a twelue-month. He is a Farmers sonne, and his Fathers vtmost ambition is to make him an *Attarney*. He doth itch towards a Poet, and greeses his breeches extreamely with feeding without a napkin. He studies false dice

to

to cheat Costermongers, and is most chargeable to the butler of some *Inne of Chancerie*, for pissing in their greene pots. He eats Ginger bread at a Playhouse, and is so saucie, that he venters fairely for a broken pate at the banqueting house, and hath it. He would neuer come to haue any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how he shall shift another day. He prayes hotly against fasting; and so he may sup wel on friday nights, he cares not though his Master be a Puritan. He practises to make the words in his *Declaration* spread, as a Sewer doth the dishes at a Niggards table; a Clarke of a swopping *Dash*, is as commendable as a Flanders horse of a large taile. Though you be neuer so much debtor, you must not call his master knaue; that makes him goe beyond himselfe: and write a challenge in Court hand; for it may be his owne another day. These are some certaine of his *Liberall* sciences: but in the

Terme time, his *Clog is a Backrow bag.* Lastly, which is great pittie, hee neuer comes to his full growth, with beating on his shoulder the sinfull burden of his Master at seuerall Courts in *Westminster.*

A Foote-man,

LEt him be neuer so well made, yet his Legs are not matches, for hee is still setting the best foot forward. He will neuer be a staid man, for he has had a running head of his owne, euer since his childhood. His mother (which, out of question, was a light heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him run his race, thinking age would reclaime him from his wilde courses. He is very long winded; and, without doubt, but that he hates naturally to serue on horsbacke, hee had proued an excellent trumpet. He has one happinesse aboue

all the reſt of the Seruingmen, for when he moſt ouercroaches his Maſter, hee's beſt thought of. He liues more by his owne heate then the warmth of clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the greateſt fancie to him when hee is in his cloſe trouſes. Garder he weares none; which makes him liue more vpright then any groſſe gartered Gentleman-vſher. 'Tis impoſſible to draw his picture to the life, ſince a man muſt take it as he's running, only this; Horſes are vſually let blood on *Stephens* day: on *S. Patricks* he takes reſt, and is drench'd for all the yeare after.

A noble and retir'd Houſe-keeper. 47

He & one whoſe bountie is limited by *diſcretion*, not *oſtentation*; and to make it laſt, he deales it diſcreetly, as wee ſowe the *ſeaſon*, not by the ſacke, but

by the handfull. His word and his meaning neuer ſhake hands and part, but alway goe together. Hee can ſurmay good, and loue it, and loues to doe it himſelfe, for it owne ſake, not for thankes. Hee knowes there is no ſuch miſerie as to out-liue good name, nor no ſuch follie as to put it in practiſe. His minde is ſo ſecure, that *thunder* rockes him aſleepe, which breakes other mens ſlumbers. *Nobilitie* lightens in his eies, and in his face and geſture is painted, *The God of Hoſpitalitie*. His great houſes beare in their front more durance, then ſtate; vnleſſe this adde the greater ſtate to them, that they promiſe to outlaſt much of our new phantaſticall building. His *heart* neuer growes old, no more then his *memorie*: whether at his booke, or on horſebacke, he paſſeth his time in ſuch noble exerciſe, a man cannot ſay, any time is loſt by him: nor hath he only *yeeres*, to approue he hath liued till hee be old, but *vertues*. His thoughts haue a *high aime*, though their

their dwelling be in the *Vale of an humble heart*; whence, as by an *Engine* (that raises water to fall, that it may rise the higher) hee is heightned in his humilitie. The *Adamant* serues not for all Seas, but his doth; for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and sounded all her *quick-sands*. He hath this hand ouer *Fortune*, that her iniuries, how violent or sudden soeuer, they do not daunt him; for whether his time call him to liue or die, he can do both nobly: if to fall, his discent is breast to breast with vertue; and euen then, like the *Sunne* neere his Set, hee shewes vnto the world his *clearest countenance*.

An Intruder into fauour 4 g

IS one that builds his reputation on others infamy: for slaunder is most commonly his morning praier. His passions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Iniustice*. An inflexible anger against some poore sutor, he falsly calles a *Couragious constancy*, and thinks the best part of grauitie to consist in a ruffled forehead. He is the most slauishly submisse; though enuious to those are in better place t[illegible] himselfe; and knowes the Art of wo[illegible] well, that (for shrowding dishonestie vnder a faire pretext) he seemes to preserue mud in Chrystall. Like a man of a kinde nature, he is first good to himselfe; in the next file, to his French Tailor, that giues him all his perfection: for indeed, like an *Estridge*, or *Birde of Paradise*, his feathers are more worth then his body. If euer hee doe good

good deede (which is very ſeldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, leaſt it ſhould die forgotten. His whole bodie goes all vpon *ſcrewes*, and his face is the *vice* that moues them. If his *Patron* be giuen to muſicke, hee opens his chops, and *ſings*, or with a wrie necke falles to tuning his inſtrument: if that faile hee takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking pole. Hee followes the mans fortune, not the man: ſeeking thereby to increaſe his owne. He pretends, he is moſt vndeſeruedly enuied, and cries out, remembring the game, *Cheſſe*, that a Pawne before a King is moſt plaide on. Debts he owes none, but ſhrewd turnes, and thoſe he paies ere he be ſued. He is a flattering *Glaſſe* to conceale age, and wrinkles. He is *Mountaines Monkie*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, giues you backe his face, but comne once to the top, he holdes his noſe vp into the winde, and ſhewes you his taile: yet all this gay glitter

ſhewes on him, as if the Sunne ſhone in a puddle, for he is a ſmall wine that will not laſt, and when he is falling, he goes of himſelfe faſter then miſery can driue him.

A faire and hoppy Milke-mayd.

IS a Countrey Wench, that is ſo far from making her ſelfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face Phiſick* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but *a dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies ſtand in her ſo ſilently, as if they had ſtolne vpon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is her ſelfe) is far better then outſides *of Tiſſew*: for though ſhe be not arraied in the ſpoile of the *Silke-worme*, ſhe is deckt in *innocence*, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long a bed,

ſpoile

ſpoile both her *complexion* and *Conditi-ons*; nature hath taught her too *Immo-derate ſleepe is ruſt to the ſoule*: ſhee riſes therefore with *Chaunticleare*, her Dames Cocke, and at night makes the *Lambe* her *Courſew*. In milking a Cow, and ſtrayning the Teates through her fingers, it ſeemes that ſo ſweet a Milke-preſſe makes the Milke the whiter, or ſweeter; for neuer came *Almond Glaue or Aromatique Ointment* on her Palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kiſſe her feete when ſhe reapes them, as if they wiſht to be bound and led priſoners by the ſame hand fell'd them. Her breath is her owne, which ſents all the yeere long of *June*, like a new made Hay-cocke. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pittie: and when winter eue-nings fall early (ſitting at her merry wheele) ſhee ſings a defiance to the giddy *wheele of Fortune*. She doth all things with ſo ſweete a grace, it ſeemes *ignorance* will not ſuffer her to doe ill, being

being her minde is to doe well. Shee bestowes her yeares wages at next faire; and in choosing her Garments, counts no braverie i'th' world like decencie. The *Garden* and *Bee-hiue* are all her *Phisicke* and *Chyrurgery*, and she liues the longer for't. Shee dare goe alone, and vnfold sheep i'th' night, & feares no manner of ill, because shee meanes none: yet to say truth, shee is neuer alone, for shee is still accompanied with old *songs*, *honest thoughts*, and *prayers*, but short ones; yet they haue their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with insuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreames are so chaste, that she dare tell them: onely a Frydaies dreame is all her *superstition*: that shee conceales for feare of anger. Thus liues she, and all her care is, shee may dye in the *Spring time*, to haue store of flowers stuck vpon her winding sheet.

An Arrant Horse-courser.

HAth the tricke to blow vp Horse-flesh, as a Butcher doth Veale, which shall wash out againe in twice riding twixt *Waltham* & *London*. The Trade of Spurre-making had decayed long since, but for this vngodly tyre-man. He is curst all ouer the foure ancient High-wayes of England; none but the blind men that sel switches i'th Road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with so many Diseases, one would thinke most part about Smithfield were an Hospitall for Horses, or a slaughter-house for the common hunt. Let him furnish you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings Warrant ouer-tooke you within ten miles to stay your iourney. And though a man cannot say, he cozens you directly; yet any Ostler within ten miles, should bee

be

be brought vpon his Booke-oath, will affirme hee hath layd a bait for you. Reſolue when you firſt ſtretch your ſelfe in the ſtirrops, you are put as it were vpon ſome Vſurer, that will neuer beare with you paſt his day. He were good to make one that had the Collick alight often, and (if example will cauſe him) make vrine; let him onely for that ſay, *Gr'amercy Horſe*. For his ſale of horſes, he hath falſe couers for all manner of Diſeaſes, onely comes ſhort of one thing (which hee deſpaires not vtterly to bring to perfection) to make a Horſe goe on a wodden legge and two crutches. For powding his eares with Quickſiluer, and giuing him ſuppoſitories of liue Eeles he's expert. All the while you are a cheapning he feares you will not bite; but he laughs in his ſleeue when hee hath cozened you in earneſt: French men are his beſt Chapmen, he keepes amblers for them on purpoſe, and knowes he can deceiue them very eaſily. He is ſo conſtant to his Trade,

that

that while he is awake, he tires any man he talkes with, and when hee's alleepe he dreams very fearefully of the paving of Smithfield, for hee knowes it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy

HIs life is a meere counterfet Patent: which nebertheleſſe, makes many a Country Iuſtice tremble. *Don Quixotes* wafer Millers are ſtill Scotch Bagpipes to him. Hee ſendes Challenges by word of mouth: for hee proteſts (as hee is a Gentleman and a brother of the Sword) hee can neither write nor read. He hath runne through diuers parcels of Land and great houſes, beſide both the Counters. If anie priuate Quarrell happen among our great Courtiers, he proclaimes the *Baſtneſſe*, (that's the word, the *baſtneſſe*) as if all the vnited forces of the *Romiſh Ca-*

tholickes

tholiches were making vp for *Germany*. Hee cheats young Guls that are newly come to Towne; and when the Keeper of the Ordinarie blames him for it, hee answers him in his own Professiõ, that a *Woodcocke* must bee pluckt ere he be drest. Hee is a *Superuisor* to Brothels, & in them is a more vnlawfull reformer of vice, then Prentises on Shroue-tuesday. He loues his Friend, as a Counseller at Law loues the veluet Breeches he was first made Barrester in, hee'll be sure to weare him thread-bare ere hee forsake him. He sleepes with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his first prayer i'th' morning is, hee may remember whom he fell out with ouer-night. *Soldier* hee is none (for hee cannot distinguish 'tweene *Onion seede* and *Gunpowder*; if hee haue worne it in his hollow tooth for the Tooth-ach, and so come to the knowledge of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes, is an estate at Will; and that's borrowing. Land-lords haue but but foure

Quarter-

Quarter-dayes; but he three hundred and odde. Hee keepes very good *Company*; yet is a man of no *reckoning*: and when he goes not drunke to bed, hee is very sick next morning. He commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throat; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I haue heard of some (that haue scap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*, onely to deterre men from taking *Tobacco*.

A drunken Dutch-man resident in England.

IS but Quarter Master with his Wife. Hee stinkes of Butter, as if hee were neynted all ouer for the Itch. Let him come ouer neuer so leane, and plant him but one Moneth neere the Brew-houses in so *Catherines*, and hee'll bee puft vp to your hand like a bloate Herring. Of all places of pleasure, he

loues

loues a Common Garden, and (with the Swine of the Parish) had neede be ringed for rooting. Next to these hee affects Lotteries naturally; and bequeathes the best prize in his Will afore-hand; when his hopes fall, hee's blanke. They swarme in great Tenements like flies: fixe House-holds will liue in a Garret. Hee was wont (onely to make vs fooles) to buy the Foxe skin for three pence, and sell the taile for a shilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-waters makes a number of mud men. He loues a Welch-man extreamly for his Diet and Orthography; that is, for pluralitie of consonants and cheese. Like a Horse, hee's onely guided by the mouth: when hee's drunke, you may thrust your hand into him like an Eele skinne, and strip him his inside outwards. Hee hoordes vp faire gold, and pretends 'tis to seethe in his Wines broth for a consumption, and loues the memory of King *Henry* the 8. most especially for his old Souerainty.

He

He ſaies wee are vnwiſe to lament the decay of Timber in England: for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatſoeuer, hee deſires no other thing in the world, then Barrels and Hop-poles. To conclude, the onely two plagues he trembles at, is ſmall Beere, and the Spaniſh Inquiſition.

A Phantaſtique.

An Improuident young Gallant, 53

THere is a confederacy betweene him and his Clothes, to be made a puppy: view him well, & you'll ſay his Gentry ſits as ill vpon him, as if he had boght it with his pẽny. He hath more places to ſend money to, then the Diuell hath to ſend his Spirits: and to furniſh each Miſtreſſe, would make him runne beſide his wits, if hee had any to loſe. Hee accounts baſhfulneſſe the

wicked'ſt thing in the world; and therefore ſtudies Impudence. If all men were of his mind, al honeſty would be out of faſhion: he withers his Cloathes on the Stage, as a Sale-man is forc't to do his ſuites in Birchin-lane; & when the Play is done, if you marke his riſing, tis with a kinde of walking Epilogue betweene the two candles, to knowe if his Suite may paſſe for currant: he ſtudies by the diſcretion of his Barber, to frizle like a Baboone: three ſuch would keep three the nimbleſt Barbers i'th' towne, from euer hauing leaſure to weare net-Garters: for whē they haue to do with him they haue many Irons i'th' fire. He is trauelled, but to little purpoſe; onlie went ouer for a ſquirt, and came back againe yet neuer the more mended in his conditions, cauſe he carried himſelfe along with him: a Scholler he pretends himſelfe, and ſaies he hath ſweat for it: but the truth is, he knowes *Cornelius*, farre better then *Tacitus*: his ordinary ſports

are

are Cock-fights; but the most frequent, horse races, from whence hee comes home drie foundred. Thus when his purse hath cast her calfe, he goes down into the Country, where he is brought to milk and white cheese like the *Switzers*.

A Button-maker of Amsterdam, 54

IS one that is fled ouer from his *Conscience*; and left his wife and children vpon the Parish. For his knowledge, he is meerely a *Horne-booke* without a *Christ-crosse* afore it, and his zeale consists much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button: hee cozens men in the purity of his cloathes: and twas his only ioy when hee was on this side, to bee in Prison: hee cries out, tis impossible for any man to be damn'd, that liues in his Religion, and his equiuocation is

true: ſo long as a man liues in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the queſtion. Of all Feaſts in the yeere, hee accounts S. *Georges* Feaſt the prophaneſt, becauſe of St. *Georges* Croſſe, yet ſomtimes he doth *ſacrifice* to his own belly; prouided, that hee put off the Wake of his owne natiuitie, or wedding, till *Good Friday*. If there bee a great feaſt in the Towne, though moſt of the wicked (as he cals them) be there, he will bee ſure to be a gueſt, and to out-eat ſixe of the fatteſt *Burgers*: he thinkes, though he may not pray with a *Iew*, hee may eat with a *Iew*: he winkes when he prayes, and thinkes he knowes the way ſo now to heauen, that he can finde it blindefold. Latine he accounts, the language of the *Beaſt* with ſeuen heads; & when he ſpeakes of his owne Countrie, cries, he is fled out of *Babel*. Laſtly, his deuotion is *Obſtinacy*, the onely ſolace of his heart, *Contradiction*, and his maine end *Hypocriſie*.

A diſtaſter

A Diſtaſter of the Time 55

IS a *Winter Graſhopper* al the yeer long that lookes back vpon *Harueſt*, with a leane paire of cheekes, neuer ſets forward to meete it: his malice ſuckes vp the greateſt part of his own venome, & therewith impoiſoneth himſelfe: and this ſickeneſſe riſes rather of *ſelfe-opinion*, or *ouer-great expectation*; ſo in the conceit of his owne ouer-worthineſſe, like a *Coiſtrell*, he ſtriues to fill himſelfe with winde, and flyes againſt it. Any mans aduancement is the moſt capitall offence that can bee to his malice: yet this enuy, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that a torment, firſt for himſelfe, hee prepared for others: hee is a *Day-bed for the Diuell* to ſlumber on; his bloud is of a yellowiſh colour: like thoſe that haue bin bitten by *Vipers*: & his gaule flowes as thick in him as oyle, in a poyſon'd ſto-

macke. He infects all ſocietie, as thunder ſowres wine: war or peace, dearth or plenty, make him equaly diſcontented. And where he findes no cauſe to taxe the State, hee deſcends to raile againſt the rate of ſalt butter. His wiſhes are *whirlewindes*; which breath'd forth, returne into himſelfe, and make him a moſt giddy & tottering veſſell. When he is awake, and goes abroad, he doth but walke in his ſleepe, for his viſitation is directed to none: his buſineſſe is nothing. He is often dumbe-madde, and goes fetter'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of diſcontent, though he can be of all religions; therefore truly of none. Thus by vnnaturalliſing himſelfe, ſome would thinke him a very dangerous fellow to the State, but he is not greatly to be fear'd: for this deiection of his, is onely like a rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his begging.

A meere Fellow of a House. 56

EXamines all mens carriage but his owne; and is so kinde natured to himselfe, he findes fault with all mens but his owne. He weares his apparell much after the fashion; his meanes will not suffer him come to nigh: they afford him *Mock-velvet* or *Satinisco*; but not without the Colledges next leases acquaintance: his inside is of the selfe same fashion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glasse of selfe-liking, there *Crœsus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *Pedant* in shew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in broader phrase, are *schole-boyes*. On these he spends the false gallop of his tongue; and with senseleſſe discourse towes them along, not out of ignorance. He shewes them the rinde, conceales the sappe: by this meanes he keepes them the longer, himselfe the better. He hath learn't to cough, and

ſpit, and blow his noſe at euery period, to recouer his memorie: and ſtudies chiefely to ſet his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lyes in waite for the inclination of his Patron; neither ebbes nor flowes, but iuſt ſtanding water, betweene *Proteſtant* and *Puritane*. His dreames are of pluralitie of Benefices and non-reſidency; and when he riſes, acts a long Grace to his looking glaſſe. Againſt hee comes to bee ſome great mans Chaplaine, he hath a habite of boldneſſe, though a very Coward. Hee ſpeakes Swords, Fights, *Ergo's*: his paſe on foote is a meaſure; on horſe-backe, a gallop: for his legs are his owne, though horſe and ſpurres are borrowed. He hath leſſe vſe then poſſeſſion of Bookes. He is not ſo proud, but he will call the meaneſt Author by his name; nor ſo vnskill'd in the Heraldrie of a Studie, but he knowes each mans place. So ends that fellowſhip, and begins another.

A meere Petifogger 57

IS *one of Sampſons Foxes*: He ſets men together by the eares, more ſhamefully then *Pillories*; and in a long Vacation his ſport is to go a Fiſhing *with the Penall Statutes*. He cannot erre before Iudgement, and then you ſee it, onely *Writs of error* are the *Tariers* that keepe his *Client* vndoing ſomewhat the longer. He is a Veſtrie man in his Pariſh, and eaſily ſets his neighbours at variance with the *Vickar*, when his wicked *counſell* on both ſides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blowes, he money. His honeſty and learning bring him to *Vnder-ſhrif-ſhip*; which hauing thrife runne through, hee do's not feare the *Lieutenant* a'th' Shire: nay more, hee feares not God. *Cowardiſe* holds him a good Common-wealthes-man; his pen is the plough, and parchment the Soyle,

Soyle, whence he reapes both Coyne and Curſes. He is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lie in quiet. Broken titles make him whole; to haue halfe in the Countie breake their Bonds, were the onely libertie of conſcience: He would wiſh (though he be a *Brownift*) no neighbour of his ſhould pay his tithes duly, if ſuch Sutes held continuall Plea at *Weſtminſter*. He cannot away with the reuerend Seruice in our Church, becauſe it ends with *The peace of God*. He loues blowes extreamely, and hath his *Chyrurgions* bill of all rates, from head to foote, to incenſe the fury: he would not giue away his yeerely beatings for a good peece of money. He makes his Will in forme of a Law-caſe, full of quiddits, that his Friends after his death (if for nothing elſe) yet, for the vexation of Law, may haue cauſe to remember him. And if hee thought the Ghoſts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of Popery) ſure he would

hide

hide ſome ſingle mony in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, that his ſpirit might haunt there. Only with this, I will pitch him o're the Barre, and leaue him; That his fingers itch after a Bribe, euer ſince his firſt practiſing of Court-hand.

An Ingroſſer of Corne. 58

THere is no Vermine in the Land like him; hee ſlanders both Heauen and Earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no cauſe of ſcarſitie. His whording in a deare yeere, is like *Eriſicthons* Bowels, in *Ouid: Quodque vrbibus eſſe, quodq; ſatis poterat populo, non ſufficit vni.* He prayes daily for more incloſures, and knowes no reaſon in his Religion, why wee ſhould call our fore-fathers daies, *The time of ignorance*, but onely becauſe they ſold Wheat for twelue pence a buſhell. He wiſhes that *Danſke* were at the *Molec-*

cos;

cos; and had rather be certaine of some forraine inuasion, then of the setting vp of the Stilyard. When his Barnes and Garners are ful (if it be a time of dearth) he will buy halfe a bushell i'th' Market to serue his Houshold: and winnowes his Corne in the night, lest, as the chaffe throwne vpon the water, shew'd plenty in *Ægypt*; so his (caried by the winde) should proclaime his abundance. No painting pleases him so wel, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the seauen leane Kine, that ate vp the fat ones; that hee has in his Parlour, which he will describe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a smothered prayer for the like scarsitie. Hee cannot away with Tobacco; for hee is perswaded (and not much amisse) that tis a sparer of Breadcorne; which he could finde in's heart to transport without Licence: but weighing the penaltie, hee growes mealy-mouth'd, and dares not. Sweet smells he cannot abide; wishes that the pure ayre were generally corrupted:

nay,

nay, that the Spring had loſt her fragrancie for euer, or wee our ſuperfluous ſenſe of Smelling (as he tearmes it) that his corne might not bee found muſtie. The Poore he accounts the Iuſtices intelligencers, and cannot abide them: he complaines of our negligence of diſcouering new parts of the World, only to rid them from our Clymate. His Sonne, by a certaine kinde of inſtinct, he bindes Prentiſe to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture hath a deare yeere in's bellie, and rauins bread extreamly: when he comes to be a Freeman (if it be a Dearth) he marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A Diuelliſh Vſurer 59

IS ſowed as *Cummin* or *Hemp-ſeede*, with curſes; and he thinks he thriues the better. Hee is better read in the *Penall Statutes*, then the Bible; and his euill Angell perſwades him, hee ſhall

ſooner

fooner be ſaued by them. He can be no mans friend; for all men hee hath moſt intereſt in, hee vndo's: and a double dealer hee is certainely; for by his good will he euer takes the forfeit. He puts his money to the vnnaturall Act of generation; and his Scriuener is the ſuperuiſor Bawd to't. Good Deeds he loues none, but Seal'd and Deliuered; nor doth he wiſh any thing to thriue in the Countrey, but Bee-hiues; for they make him waxe rich. He hates all but Law-Latine; yet thinks hee might be drawne to loue a Scholler, could he reduce the yeere to a ſhorter compaſſe, that his vſe-money might come in the faſter: he ſeems to be the ſon of a Iailor, for all his eſtate is moſt heauie & cruell bonds. He doth not giue, but ſell daies of Payment; and thoſe at the rate of a mans vndoing: he doth only feare, the day of Iudgment ſhould fall ſooner, then the payment of ſome great ſum of money due to him: hee remoues his lodging when a Subſidie comes; and if he

he be found out, and pay it, hee grumbles Treason; but tis in such a deformed silence, as Witches raise their Spirits in. Grauitie hee pretends in all things, but in his priuate Whore; for hee will not in a hundreth pound take one light sixe-pence; and it seemes hee was at *Tilburie Campe*, for you must not tell him of a *Spaniard*. He is a man of no conscience; for (like the *Iakes-farmer* that swounded with going into Bucklersburie) hee falls into a cold sweat, if hee but looke into the Chauncerie: thinks in his Religion, wee are in the right for euery thing, if that were abolisht: hee hides his money, as if hee thought to finde it againe at last day, and then begin's old trade with it. His clothes plead prescription; and whether they or his bodie are more rotten, is a question: yet should hee liue to be hangd in them, this good they would doe him, The very Hangman would pittie his case. The Table hee keeps is able to starue twentie tall men; his ser-

uants

uants haue not their liuing, but their dying from him, and that's of Hunger. A ſpare Dyet he commends in all men, but himſelfe: he comes to Cathedralls onely for loue of the ſinging Boyes, becauſe they looke hungry. He likes our Religion beſt, becauſe tis beſt cheape; yet would faine allow of Purgatorie, 'cauſe 'twas of his Trade, and brought in ſo much money; his heart goes with the ſame ſnaphance his purſe doth, tis ſeldome open to any man: friendſhip hee accounts but a word without any ſignification; nay, he loues all the world ſo little, that, and it were poſſible, hee would make himſelfe his owne Executor: for certaine, hee is made Adminiſtrator to his own good name, while he is in perfect memorie, for that dyes long afore him; but he is ſo farre from being at the charge of a Funerall for it, that hee lets it ſtinke aboue ground. In concluſion, for Neighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, tis rather

Surfet,

Surfet, the Pox, or Despaire; for seldom such as hee dye of Gods making, as honest men should doe.

A Water-Man

IS one that hath learnt to speake well of himselfe; for alwaies hee names himselfe, *The first man*. If he had betane himselfe to some richer Trade, hee could not haue chos'd but doue well; for in this (though it be a meane one) he is still plying it, and putting himselfe forward. He is euermore telling strange newes; most commonly lyes. If he be a Sculler, aske him if hee be maried, hee'l equiuocate and sweare hee's a single man. Little trust is to be giuen to him, for he thinks that day he does best when he fetches most men ouer. His daily labour teaches him the Arte of dissembling; for like a fellow that rides to the Pillorie, he goes not that way he

lookes: hee keepes such a bawling at *Westminster*, that if the Lawyers were not acquainted with it, an order would be tane with him. When he is vpon the water, he is Fare-companie: when hee comes ashore, hee mutinies; and contrarie to all other trades, is most surely to Gentlemen, when they tender payment. The Play-houses only keep him sober; and as it doth many other Gallants, makes him an afternoones man. London Bridge is the most terriblest eye-sore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Presse*, makes him flye from the Riuer; nor any thing, but a *great Presse*, can teach him any good manners.

A Re-

A Reuerend Iudge

IS one that desires to haue his greatnes, onely measur'd by his goodnesse: his care is to appeare such to the people, as he would haue them be; and to be himselfe such as hee appeares; for vertue cannot seeme one thing, and be another: hee knowes that the Hill of greatnesse yeelds a most delightfull prospect, but withall that it is most subiect to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, sit and censure the actions of those are in authoritie: he squares his owne therefore, that they may farre bee aboue their pittie: he wishes fewer Lawes, so they were better obseru'd: and for those are Mulctuarie, he vnderstands their institution not to be like briers or springes, to catch euery thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-marks (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to auoid the ship-

wracke of ignorant passengers: hee hates to wrong any man; neither hope, nor despaire of preferment can draw him to such an exigent: he thinks himselfe then most honorably seated, when he gives mercie the vpper hand: hee rather strives to purchase good name then land; and of all rich stuffes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to haue his Followers weare their clothes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there he delivers his minde plainly, and freely; knowing for truth, there is no place wherein dissembling ought to haue lesse credit, then in a Princes Counsel. Thus honour keeps peace with him to the graue, and doth not (as with many) there forsake him, and goe backe with the Heralds: but fairely sits ore him, and broods out of his memorie, many right excellent Commonwealths men.

A vertuous Widdow.

IS the Palme-tree, that thriues not after the supplanting of her husband. For her Childrens take she first marries, for shee married that shee might haue children, and for their sakes shee marries no more. She is like the pureſt gold, onely imploide for Princes meddals; shee neuer receiues but one mans impreſſion; the large ioincture moues her not, titles of honor cannot sway her. To change her name, were (she thinks) to commit a sinne: should make her asham'd of her husbands calling: shee thinks she hath traueld all the world in one man; the reſt of her time therfore she dirɛcts to heauen. Her maine superstition is, shee thinks her husbands ghoſt would walke, should she not performe his Will: she would doe it, were there no Prerogatiue Court. She giues much to pious vſes, without any hope

to merit by them: and as one Diamond fashions another; so is she wrought into works of Charitie, with the dust or ashes of her husband. She liues to see her selfe full of time; being so necessarie for earth, God calls her not to heauen, till shee be very aged: and euen then, though her naturall strength faile her, she stands like an ancient *Piramid*; which the lesse it growes to mans eye, the neerer it reaches to heauen: this latter Chastitie of Hers, is more graue and reuerend, then that ere shee was married; for in it is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor iealousie. Shee ought to be a mirrour for our youngest Dames, to dresse themselues by, when she is fullest of wrinkles. No calamitie can now come neare her, for in suffering the losse of her husband, shee accounts all the rest trifles: she hath laid his dead bodie in the worthiest monument that can be: Shee hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, she is a Relique, that without any superstition

tion in the world; though she will not be kist, yet may be reuerenc'd.

An ordinary Widdow.

IS like the Heralds Hearse-cloath, she serues to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her Husband begins in teares; and the end of her teares beginnes in a Husband. She vses to Cunning women to know how many Husbands shee shall haue, and neuer marries without the consent of sixe midwiues. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them she gaines: for one serues to draw on another, and with one at last she shootes out another, as Boies doe Pellets in Elderne Gunnes. She commends to them a single life, as Horsecourses doe their Iades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the biggest of the Guard, but Knighthood

makes her draw in a weaker Bow. Her ſeruants, or kinsfolke, are the Trumperers that ſummon any to this combat: by them ſhe gaines much credit, but looſeth it againe in the old Prouerbe: *Fama eſt mendax.* If ſhe liue to be thriſe married, ſhe ſeldome failes to cozen her ſecond Husbands Creditors. A Church man ſhee dare not venture vpon; for ſhe hath heard widdowes complaine of dilapidations: nor a Soldier, though he haue Candleroents in the City, for his eſtate may be liable to fire: very ſeldome a Lawier, without he ſhew his exceeding great practiſe, & can make her caſe the better: but a Knight with the old rent may do much, for a great comming in, is all in all with a Widdow: euer prouided, that moſt part of her Plate and Iewels (before the wedding) lie mortgadge with her Scriuener. Thus like a too ripe Apple, ſhee falles of her ſelfe: but he that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchaſe, for the title is

crackt. Lastly, while she is a Widdow, obserue euer, shee is no Morning woman: the euening a good fire and sack may make her listen to a Husband: and if euer she be made sure, tis vpon a full stomacke to bedward.

A Quacksalver. 64

IS a Mountebanke of a larger bill then a Taylor; if hee can but come by names enow of Diseases, to stuffe it with, tis all the skill hee studies for. He tooke his first being from a Cunning woman, and stole this blacke Art from her, while he made her Seacoale fire. All the diseases ever sin brought vpon man, doth he pretend to be Curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning, is Corne-cutting. A great plague makes him; what with railing against such, as leaue their cures for feare of infection, and in friendly breaking

till

king Cakebread, with the Fish-wiues at Funerals, he vtters a most abominable deale of musty Carduus-water, & the Conduits crie out, All the learned Doctors may cast their Caps at him. He parts stakes with some Apothecary, in the Suburbes, at whose house he lies: and though hee be neuer so familiar with his wife; the Apothecary dare not (for the richest Horne in his shop) displease him. All the Mid-wiues in the towne are his intelligencers; but nurses and young Marchants Wiues (that would fain conceiue with childe) these are his Idolaters. Hee is a more vniust Bone-setter, then a Dice-maker; hath put out more eyes then the small Pox; made more deafe then the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more then the Gout; shrunke more sinewes, then one that makes Bow-stringes; and kild more idly, then Tobacco. A Magistrate that had any way so noble a spirit, as but to loue a good horse well, would not suffer him to bee a Farrier.

His

His discourse is vomit; and his ignorance, the strongest purgation in the world: to one that would be speedily cured, he hath more delaies, and doubles, then a Hare, or a Law suite: hee seekes to set vs at variance with nature, and rather then hee shall want diseases he'le beget them. His especiall practise (as I said afore) is vpon women; labours to make their mindes sicke, ere their bodies feele it, and then there's worke for the Dog-leach. Hee pretends the cure of mad-men; and sure he gets most by them; for no man in his perfect witte would meddle with him. Lastly, he is such a Iuggler with Vrinals, so dangerously vnskilfull, that if ever the Citie will haue recourse to him for diseases that neede purgation, let them imploy him in scouring *Moore-ditch.*

A Com-

A Canting Rogue.

THis not vnlikely but hee was begot by ſome intelligencer vnder a hedge; for his minde is wholy giuen to trauell. He is not troubled with making of ioyntures: he can diuorce himſelfe without the fee of a Proctor, nor feares he the cruelty of ouerſeers of his Will. Hee leaues his children all the world to Cant in, and all the people to their fathers. His Language is a Conſtant tongue; the Northerne ſpeech differs from the South, Welch from the Cornish: but Canting is generall, nor euer could be altered by conqueſt of the *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*. He wil not beg out of his limit though hee ſtarue; nor breake his oath if hee ſweare by his *Salomon*, though you hang him: and hee payes his cuſtome as truely to his Graund Rogue, as tribute is payd to the great Turke. The March

March Sunne breedes agues in others, but hee adores it like the *Indians*; for then beginnes his progresse after a hard winter. Ostlers cannot endure him, for he is of the infantry, and serues best on foote. Hee offends not the Statute against the excesse of apparell, for hee will goe naked, and counts it a voluntary pennance. Forty of them lie in a Barne together, yet are neuer sued vpon the statute of Inmates. If hee were learned, no man could make a better description of *England*; for hee hath traueld it ouer and ouer. Lastly, hee bragges, that his great houses are repair'd to his hands; when Chutches go to ruine: and those are prisons.

A French

A French Cooke

HE learnt his trade in a Towne of Garrison neere famish't, where he practised to make a little goe farre; some derive it from more antiquity, and say *Adam* (when hee pickt fallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the Palate: and though his command lie in the kitchin (which is but an inferiour place) yet shall you finde him a very saucy companion. Euer since the warres in *Naples*, hee hath so minc'd (the ancient and bountifull allowance) as if his nation should keep a perpetuall diet. The Seruingmen call him the last relique of Popery, that makes men fast against their Conscience. He can be truly said to be no mans fellow but his Masters: for the rest of his seruants are starued by him. Hee is the prime cause why Noble-

Noblemen build their Houſes ſo great, for the ſmalneſſe of the Kitchin, makes the houſe the bigger: and the Lord calles him his Alchymiſt that can extract gold out of hearbs, rootes, muſhroomes or any thing: that which hee dreſſes wee may rather call a drinking, then a meale: yet is hee ſo full of variety, that he brags, and truely, that hee gives you but a taſte of what hee can do: he dare not for his life come among the Butchers; for ſure they would quarter and bake him after the Engliſh faſhion; hee's ſuch an enemy to Beefe and Mutton. To conclude, hee were onely fit to make a funerall feaſt, where men ſhould eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

A Sexton

I Stand ill-willer to humane nature. Of all Prouerbs, hee cannot endure to heare that which sayes, Wee ought to liue by the quicke, not by the dead. He could willingly all his life time bee confinde to the Church-yard; at least within fiue foote on't: for at euery Church stile, commonly there's an Ale-house; where let him bee found neuer so idle pated, hee is still a graue drunkard. Hee breakes his fast heartiliest while he is making a graue, and sayes the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to be a slouen, yet hee loues cleane linnen extreamely, and for that reason takes an order that fine holland sheets bee not made wormes meate. Like a nation cald the *Cusani*, he weeps when any are borne, and laughes when they die: the reason; hee gets by Burials

not

not Christnings: hee will hold argument in a Tauerne ouer Sacke, till the Diall and himselfe bee both at a stande: he neuer obserues any time but Sermon time, and there he sleepes by the hour-glasse. The rope-maker payes him a pension, and hee pales tribute to the Physitian, for the Physitian makes work for the Sexton; as the Rope-maker for the Hang-man. Lastly, he wishes the Dogge dayes would last all yeere long, and a great plague in his yeere of Iubile.

A Iesuite

IS a larger Spoone for a Traytour, to feed with the Diuell, then any other Order: vnclaspe him, and hee's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the fore-head: so superstitiously hee followes the Pope, that hee forsakes Christ, in not giuing *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seeme heauenly; but in medling

with State-businesse, he seems to mixe heauen and earth together. His best Elements, are Confession & Penaunce: by the first, he findes out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. He sprang from *Ignatius Loiola*, a *Spanish* Souldier; and though hee were found out long since the inuention of the Canon, 'tis thought he hath not done lesse mischiefe. Hee is a false Key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry into their Counsels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, hee holds it no more sinne the decrowning of Kings, then our Puritanes doe the suppression of Bishops. His order is full of all irregularity and disobedience; ambitious aboue all measure; for of late dayes, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he reiected the name of Iesuit, and would bee called Disciple. In *Rome*, and other countries that giue him freedome, hee weares a Maske vppon his heart; in England he shifts it, and puts it vpon his face. No place in our Cli-

mate hides him so securely as a Ladies Chamber; the modesty of the *Parse-uant* hath onely forborne the bed, and so mist him. There is no Disease in Christendome, that may so properly be call'd *The Kings Euill*. To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea? In his Seminary, hee's a Foxe; but in the Inquisition, a Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHatsoeuer is commendable in the graue Orator, is most exquisitly perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body, he charmes our attention: sit in a full Theater, and you will thinke you see so many lines drawen from the circumference of so many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center*. He doth not striue to make nature monstrous, she is often seene in the same Scæne with him, but

neither on Stilts nor Crutches; and for his voice tis not lower then the prompter, not lowder then the Foile and Target. By his action hee fortifies morall precepts with example; for what wee see him personate, wee thinke truely done before vs: a man of a deep thought might apprehend, the Ghosts of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at seuerall times) for many of them. He is much affected to painting, and tis a question whether that make him an excellent Player, or his playing an exquisite Painter. Hee addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musicke. He entertaines vs in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales, the most vnfit time, either for study or bodily exercise: the flight of Hawkes, and chase of wilde beasts, either of them are delights noble: but some thinke this sport of men the worthier, despight all *calumny*. All men haue beene of his occupation: and indeed,

deed, what hee doth fainedly, that doe others essentially: this day one playes a Monarch, the next a priuate person. Heere one Acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: A Parasite this man too night, to morrow a Precisian, and so of diuers others. I obserue, of all men liuing, a woorthy Actor in one kinde is the strongest motiue of affection that can be: for when hee dies, wee cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I wold doe gold in the oare; I should not minde the drosse, but the purity of the mettall.

A Franklin.

HIs outside is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside may giue armes (with the best Gentleman) and ne're see the Herald. There is no truer seruant in the house then himselfe. Though he be Master, he saies not to his seruants, goe to field, but let vs goe; and with his owne eye, doth both fatten his flocke, and set forward all manner of husbandrie. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his owne fold yeelds him both food and raiment: hee is pleasd with any nourishment God sends, whilest curious gluttonie ransacks, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the riot of one meale. He is nere knowne to goe to Law; vnderstanding, to be Law-bound among men, is like to bee hide-bound among his beasts; they thriue not vnder it: and that such men sleep

sleep as vnquietly, as if their pillowes were stuft with Lawyers pen-knifes. When hee builds, no poore Tenants cottage hinders his prospect, they are indeed his Almes-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. Hee neuer sits vp late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vowed foe of his Lambes: nor vses he any crueltie, but when he hunts the Hare, nor subtiltie but when he setteth snares for the Snite, or pit-falls for the Black-bird, nor oppression, but when in the month of Iuly, hee goes to the next riuer, and sheares his sheep. Hee allowes of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead any thing bruised, or the worse for it, though the Countrey Lasses dance in the Church-yard after Euen-song. Rocke Monday, and the Wake in Summer, shrouings, the wakefull ketches on Christmas Eue, the Holy, or Seed-cake, these he yeerly keeps, yet holds them no reliques of Poperie. He is not so inquisitiue after

newes deriued from the priuie closet, when the finding an eiery of Hawkes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a Colt come of a good straine, are tydings more pleasant, more profitable. He is Lord paramount within himselfe, though hee hold by never so meane a Tenure; and dies the more contentedly (though he leaue his heire yong) in regard he leaues him not liable to a couetous Guardian. Lastly, to end him; hee cares not when his end comes; hee needs not feare his Audit, for his *Quietus* is in heauen.

A Riuer

IS a fellow whose face is hatcht all ouer with impudence, and should he be hang'd or pilloried is armed for it. Hee is a Iuggler with words, yet practises the Art of most vncleanly con-

conueyance. He doth boggle very often; and because himselfe winkes at it, thinks tis not perceiued: the maine thing that euer he did, was the time he sang to. There is nothing in the earth so pitifull, no not an Ape-carrier, he is not worth thinking of, and therefore I muſt leaue him as nature left him; a Dunghil not well laid together.

H

The

The Character of a happy life.

By Sr. H. W.

How happy is he borne or taught,
That serueth not anothers will;
Whose Armour is his honest thought,
And sillie Truth *his highest skill.*

Whose passions not his Masters are,
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death:
Vntyed vnto the world with care
Of Princely loue, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreit:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accusers great.

Who

Who enuieth none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice: who neuer vnderstood,
How deepest wounds are giue with praise,
Not rules of state, but rules of good.

Who GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, then gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmelesse day,
With a well chosen Booke or Friend.

This man is free from seruile bands,
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall;
Lord of himselfe, though not of Lands:
And hauing nothing, he hath All.

Certaine

Certaine Edicts from a Parliament in *Eutopia*; Written by the Lady *Southwell*.

In primis, Hee that hath no other worth to commend him then a good Suite of Apparell, shall not dare to woe a Lady in his owne behalfe, but shall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphike of his friends affection.

Item, that no fowle fac'd Lady shall raile on her that is fairer, because she is fairer; nor seeke by blacke calumniation to darken her fame, vnlesse shee bee her corriuall.

Item, that no man may entitle himselfe by the matchles name of a Friend, that loues vpon condition, vnlesse hee be a Schoole-master.

Item, that no Lady, which modestly keeps

keepes her house for want of good clothes to visit her Gossips shall professe contempt of the worlds vanity, vnlesse she see no hope of the tides returning.

Item, that no Bankerupt Knight, that to set vp shop againe, becomes Parasite or Buffone to some great Lord, shall euer after sweare by his honour; but by his Knight-hood he may.

Item, that no Lady that vseth to paint, shall finde fault with her painter that hath not counterfeted her picture faire enough, vnlesse she will acknowledge her selfe to be the better counterfetter.

Item, that no man whose vaine loue hath beene reiected by a vertuous Lady, shall report that he hath refused and cast her off, vnlesse he will take the base lying fellow by the next assailant, so reiected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady shall court her looking glasse, past one houre in a day, vnlesse she professe to be an Inginer.

Item, that no Quarter waiter shall feed on cheese three quarters of a yeere

to feast on fatten one quarter, without *Galens* aduice, and the Apothecaries bill to be written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is ouer-enamored of her selfe, and thinkes all other so too, shall bee bound to carry a burden of Birdlime on her backe, and spinne at a Barne-doore to catch fooles.

Item, he that sweareth when hee loseth his mony at dice, shall challenge his damnation by the way of purchase.

Item, no Lady that silently simpereth for want of wit shall be call'd modest.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, & wants wit to encounter her, shall think he hath redeemd his credit by putting her to silence with some lasciuious discourse, vnlesse hee weare white for *William*, and greene for *Sommer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth constant for want of assault shall be called chaste.

Item,

Item, he that professeth vertuous loue to a woman, and giues ground when his vanity is reiected, shall haue his heels cut off and flie for a haggard.

Item, she that respecteth the good opinion of others, before the Being of good in her selfe, shall not refuse the name of Hypocrite; and she that emploies all her time in working trappings for her selfe, the name of spider: and she that sets the first quest of enquiry amongst her gossips for new fashions, shall not refuse a stitcher for her second husband.

Item, He that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which he professeth to loue her, yet vnder hand commenceth a base suit, and is disdained; shall not on this blow which his owne vice hath giuen him, out of policy raile suddenly on her, for feare he be noted for a vicious foole: but to his friend in priuate he may say that his iudgement was blinded by her cunning disguise, & that he finds her wauering in good-

nesse

nesse, and in time he shall openly professe to raile on her; but with such a modesty forsooth, as if he were loth to bring his indgement into question; nor would he doe it, but that hee preferres truth even out of his owne reach.

NEWES

NEVVES FROM ANY WHENCE.

OR,

OLD TRVTH, VNDER A SVPposall of Noueltie.

Occasioned by diuers Essayes, and priuate *passages of Wit, betweene sundrie Gentlemen vpon that subiect.*

Neuues from Court.

IT is thought heere, that there are as great miseries beyond happinesse, as a this side it, as *being in loue.* That truth is euery mans by assenting. That time makes euery thing aged, and yet it selfe was

neuer but a minute old. That, next ſleepe, the greateſt deuourer of time is buſineſſe: the greateſt ſtretcher of it, *Paſſion*, the trueſt meaſure of it, *Contemplation*. To be ſaued, alwaies is the beſt plot: and vertue alwaies cleeres her way as ſhe goes. *Vice* is euer behind-hand with it ſelfe. That *Wit* and a *woman* are two fraile things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more increaſt mankinde then the end. That the madneſſe of Loue is to be ſicke of one part, and cured by another. The madneſſe of Iealouſie, that it is ſo diligent, and yet it hopes to loſe his labor. That all Women for the bodily part, are but the ſame meaning put in diuers words. That the difference in the ſenſe is their vnderſtanding. That the wiſedome of *Action* is *Diſcretion*; the knowledge of *contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of action is men. That the firſt conſiders what ſhould be, the latter makes vſe of what is.

That

That euery man is weake in his owne humours. That euery man a little beyond himselfe is a foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly then ignorance. That the matter of greatnesse is comparison. That God made one world of *Substances*; Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned vp trumpe. That custome is the soule of circumstances. That custome hath so farre preuailed, that Truth is now the greatest newes. *Sir. T. Ouer.*

Answere to the Court Newes.

THat *Happinesse* and *misery* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodnesse* is not *Felicitie*, but the rode thither. That Mans strength is but a vicissitude of falling and rising. That onely to refraine ill, is to be ill still. That the plot

of Saluation was laid before the plot of *Paradise*. That enioying is the preparatiue to contemning. That hee that seekes opinion beyond merite, goes iust so farre backe. That no man can obtaine his desires; nor in the world hath not to his measure. That to studie, men are more profitable then bookes. That mens loues are their afflictions. That Titles of Honor, are rattles to still ambition. That to be a King, is *Fames Butte*, and feares *Quiuer*. That the soules of Women and Louers, are wrapt in the pormanque of their senses. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and wisedome the woofe of the cloth; so that womens soules were neuer made vp. That enuie knowes what it will not confesse. That *Goodnesse* is like the Art *Prospective*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That Man, Woman, and the Diuell, are the three degrees of comparison. That this Newes holds number, but

not

not weight, by which couple all things receiue forme.

Countrey Newes.

THat there is most here, for it gathers in going. That reputation is measured by the Acre. That Pouertie is the greatest dishonestie. That the pitrie of, *Alasse poore soule*, is for the most part mistaken. That Rost beefe is the best smel. That a iustice of peace is the best relique of Idolatrie. That the Allegorie of Iustice drawn blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to liue to heauenly is accounted great wrong. That wisedome descends in a race. That we loue Names better then persons. That to hold in Knights seruice, is a slipperie seruice. That a Papist is a new word for a Traitor. That the dutie of Religion is lens, not payd. That the reward is lost in the want of humilitie. That the Puri-

tane perſecution is as a clowde that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Countrey-men; thruſt the honour on the *Welch*. That a Courtier neuer attaynes his ſelfe-knowledge, but by report. That his beſt Embleme is a heame dogge. That many great men are ſo proud, that they know not their owne Fathers. That Loue is the tail-worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne firſt fame. That to remember, to know, and to vnderſtand, are 3. degrees not vnderſtood. That Countrey ambition is no vice, for there is nothing aboue a man. That fighting is a Seruing-mans valor: Martyrdome their Maſters. That to liue long, is to fill vppe the dayes wee liue That the zeale of ſome mens Religion reflects from their Friends. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodneſſe is

from

from within the externall is policy. That good and ill is the crosse and pile in the aime of life. That the Soule is the lampe of the body, Reason of the Soule, Religion of Reason, Faith of Religion, Christ of Faith. That circumstances are the Atomies of policy, Censure the being, Action the life, but successe the Ornament. That Authority presseth downe with weight, and is thought violence: policy trips vp the heeles, & is called the dexterity. That this life is a throng in a narrow passage, hee that is first out, findes ease, hee in the middle worst hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmost that drives both out afore him, though not suffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckoning, not payment: That heauen is the easiest purchase, for wee are the richer for the disbursing. That liberality should haue no obiect but the poore, if our mindes were rich. That the mysterie of greatnesse, is to keepe the inferiour

ignorant of it. That all this is no Newes to a better wit. *That the City cares not what the Country thinkes.*

Sr. T. R.

Newes from the very Country.

THat it is a Tripery of Courtiers, Marchants, and others; which haue beene in fashion, and are very neere worne out. That Iustices of Peace haue the felling of vnder-woods, but the Lords haue the great fals. The Iesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, heere and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost deere; now you may haue them for nothing in euery cottage. That euery great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that deuoures vertues, and lesse vices. That it is wholsomest getting a stomacke by walking on your owne ground, and the thriftiest laying

of it at another Table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and heere haue the liberty of the house. That *Atheists* in affliction, like blinde beggers, are forced to aske, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two such Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* & *Westminster Hall*. That onely Christmas Lords know their ends. That Women are not so tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well vpon Beds, as plashed against walles. That our Carts are neuer worse employed, then when they are wayted on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haires in horse tayle, concur in one roote of beauty and strength, but being pluckt out one by one, serue only for Springes and Snares. That both want and abundance, equally aduance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and stones are both good casting for an Hawke. That I am sure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because

we

we doe not all eat thereof. That the best three-pilde mischiefe comes from beyond the sea, and rides post through the country, but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife and children, your owne are the best pastime, anothers wife and your children worse, your wife & anothers children worst. That Statesmen hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Fauorites course her, and are euer in view. That intemperance is not so vnwholsome heere; for none euer saw Sparrow sicke of the poxe. That heere is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is because heere are no secrets. That Court motions are vp and downe; ours circular: theirs like squibs cannot stay at the highest, nor returne to the place which they rose from, but vanish and weare out in the way: Ours like Mil-wheels, busie without changing place: they haue peremptory fortunes; we vicissitudes.

I. D.

Answer

Answer to the very Country Newes.

IT is a thought, that man is the Cook of time, and made dresser of his own fatting. That the fiue Senses are Cinque-ports for temptation, the trafficke time, the Lieutenant *Sarhan*, the custome-tribute, soules. That the Citizens of the high Court grow rich by simplicitie; but those of *London*, by simple craft. That life, death, and time, do with short cudgells dance the Matachine. That those which dwell vnder the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more damps, then those of *Frigida*. That *Policie* and *Superstition* hath of late her masquerent from her face, and shee is found with a wry mouth and a stinking breath, and those that courted her hotly, hate her now in the same degree, or beyond. That Nature too much louing her owne, becomes

becomes vnnaturall and fooliſh. That the ſoule in ſome is like an egge, hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her neſt, makes hot and cold beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not beleeue, till the faire ſhell being broken, the ſtinke appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That thoſe are the wiſe ones, that hold the ſuperficies of vertue, to ſupport her contrarie, all-ſufficient. That clemencie within and without is the nurſe of rebellion. That thought of the future is retyred into the Countrey, and time preſent dwells at Court. That I liuing neere the Church-yard, where many are buried of the Peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will diſperſe further into the Kingdom.

Newes to the Vniuersitie.

A Meere Scholler is but a liue booke; Action doth expresse knowledge better then words; so much of the soule is lost as the bodie cannot vtter. To teach, should rather be an effect, then the purpose of learning. Age decaies nature, perfects Art: therefore the glory of youth, is strength; of the gray head, wisdome; yet most condemne the follies of their owne infancie, runne after those of the worlds, and in reuerence of antiquitie will breake an old error against a new truth. *Logicke* is the *Heraldrie* of Arts, the array of Iudgment, none it selfe, nor any Science without it: where it and learning meete not, must be either a skilful ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Vnderstanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure: Discretion containes *Rhetorique*; the next way to

learne

learne good words, is to learne sense; the newest *Philosophie* is soundest, the eldest *Divinitie*: *Astronomie* begins in Nature, ends in Magicke. There is no honestie of the bodie without health, which no man hath had since *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the first mother of sickenesse, is now the daughter. Nothing dyes but qualities. No kinde in the world can perish without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particular interest: so in Arts which are but manifestations of nature; there is no sound position in any one, which, imagine false, there may not from it be drawne strong conclusions, to disprove all the rest. Where one truth is granted, it may be by direct meanes brought to confirme any other controverted. The soule and bodie of the first man, were made fit to be immortall together, we cannot live to the one, but we must dye to the other. A man and a Christian are two creatures. Our

per-

perfection in this World is vertue; in the next knowledge, when wee shall read the glory of God in his own face.

Newes from Sea.

THat the best pleasure is to haue no obiect of pleasure, and vniformitie is a better prospect then variedie. That putting to Sea, is change of life, but not of condition; where risings and falls, Calmes, and crosse-gales are yours, in order and turne; fore-windes but by chance. That it is the worst winde to haue no winde, and that your smooth fac'd Courtier, deading your course by a calme, giues greater impediment, then an open enimies crosse-gale. That leuitie is a vertue, for many are held vp by it. That it's nothing so intricate and infinite, to rigge a Ship as a woman, and the more either is fraught, the apter to leake. That to

pumpe

pumpe the one, and shreeue the other, is alike noysome. That small faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes vnfound; and that to punish and not preuent, is to labour in the pumpe, & leaue the leake open. That it is best striking Sayle before a storme, and necessariest in it. That a little time in our life is best, as the shortest cut to our Hauen is the happiest voyage. That to him that hath no Hauen, no winde is friendly; and yet it is better to haue no Hauen, then some kinde of one. That expedition is euery where to bee bribed but at Sea. That gaine works this miracle, to make men walke vpon the water; and that the sound of Commoditie drowns the noise of a Storme, especially of an absent one. That I haue once in my life out-gone night at Sea, but neuer darkenesse; and that I shall neuer wonder to see a hard world, because I haue liued to see the Sunne a bankrupt, being ready to starue for cold in his perpetuall

petuall presence. That a mans companions are (like ships) to be kept in distance, for falling foule one of another: only with my friend I will close. That the fairest field for a running head is the Sea, where he may runne himselfe out of breath, and his humor out of him. That I could carrie you much further, and yet leaue more before then behinde, and all will be but *via Nauis*, without print or tracke, for so is morall instruction to youthes watrish humor. That though a Ship vnder Saile be a good sight, yet it is better to see her moor'd in the Hauen. That I care not what become of this fraile Barke of my flesh, so I saue the Passenger. And here I cast Anchor.

W. S.

Forreine Newes of the yeere 1616.

From France.

IT is deliuered from *France*, that the choise of friends there is as of their Wines: those that being new, are hard and harsh, proue best; the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemie fierce at the first onset, is as a torrent tumbling downe a Mountaine; a while it beares all before it: haue but that whiles patience, you may passe it dry-foot. That a penetrating iudgement may enter into a mans minde by his bodies gate; if this appeare affected, apish, and vnstable; a wonder if that be serled.

That vaine-glory, new fashions, and the *French* disease, are vpon termes of quitting

quitting their Countries Allegeance, to be made free Denisons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmitie haue their scarres, which cannot be so well closed to the sight, but they will lie open to the memorie. That a Princes pleasurable vices, vshered by authoritie, and waited on by conniuence, sooner punish themselues by the subiects imitation, then they can be reformed by remonstrance or correction; so apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that giue them. That Kings heare truth oftner for the tellers, then their owne aduantage.

From Spaine.

THat the shortest cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of most, feares most. That it more vexeth the proud, that men despise them, then that they not

feare them. That greatnes is fruitfull enough, when other helps faile, to beget on it selfe destruction. That it is a grosse flattering of tyred crueltie, to honest it with the title of clemencie. That to eat much at other mens cost, and little at his owne, is the wholesomest and most nourishing diet, both in Court and Countrey. That those are aptest to domineere ouer others, who by suffering indignities haue learned to offer them. That ambition like a sillie Doue flies vp to fall downe, it mindes not whence it came, but whither it will. That anen Galley-slaues, setting light by their captiuitie, finde freedom in bondage. That to be slow in militarie businesses, is to be so courteous, as to giue the way to an enemie. That Lightning and greatnesse more feare then hurt.

From

From Rome.

THat the Venereall (called veniall) ſin is to paſſe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues; and that thoſe ſhould be held henceforth his Holineſſe beneficiall friends, that ſinne vpon hope of pardon. That where vice is a State-commoditie, he is an offender that often offends not. That Iewes and Curtezans there, are as beaſts that men feed, to feed on. That for an Engliſhman to abide at *Rome*, is not ſo dangerous as report makes it; ſince it skills not where we liue, ſo we take heed how we liue. That greatneſſe comes not downe by the way it went vp, there being often found a ſmall diſtance betweene the higheſt and the loweſt Fortunes. That rackt authoritie is oft leſſe at home then abroad regarded, while things that ſeem, are (commonly) more a far off then at hand feared.

From Venice.

THat the moſt profitable Banke, is the true vſe of a mans ſelfe, whiles ſuch as grow mouldy in idlenes, make their houſes their Tombes, and die before their death. That many dangerous ſpirits lie buried in their wants, which had they means to their minds, would dare as much as thoſe that with their better Fortunes ouertop them. That profeſſed Curtezans, if they bee any way good, it is becauſe they are openly badde. That frugalitie is the richeſt treaſure of an eſtate, where men feede for hunger, cloath for cold and modeſtie, and ſpend for Honour, Charitie, and Safety.

From

From Germany.

THat the infectious vice of Drunken-good-fellowſhip, is like to ſticke by that Nation as long as the multitude of Offenders ſo benums the ſenſe of offending, as that a common blot is held no ſtaine. That diſcretions muſt be taken by weight, not by tale: who doth otherwiſe, ſhall both proue his own too light, and fall ſhort of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-caſt of euery ſleight danger, ſeldome giues either faithfull or fruitfull counſell. That the Empire of *Germany*, is not more great then that ouer a mans ſelfe.

From the Low Countries.

THat one of the sureſt grounds of a mans libertie is, not to giue another power ouer it. That the moſt dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemie, is deſperation, while forcing him to ſet light by his owne life, thou makeſt him maſter of thine. That neglected danger lights ſooneſt and heavieſt. That they are wiſeſt, who in the likely-good of good prouide for ill. That ſince pitie dwells at the next doore to miſerie, he liueth moſt at eaſe that is neighboured with enuy. That the euill fortune of the warres, as well as the good, is variable.

Newes from my Lodging.

That the best prospect is to looke inward. That it is quieter sleeping in a good conscience then a whole skin. That a soule in a fat body lies soft, and is loath to rise. That he must rise betimes who would cosen the Diuell. That *Flatterie* is increased, from a pillow vnder the elbow, to a bed vnder the whole body. That *Folitie* is the vnsleeping night of reason. That hee who sleepes in the cradle of securitie, sinnes soundly without farting. That guilt is the Flea of the conscience. That no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in priuate, is nothing so conuenient as a hang'd Traitor in publike. That the religion of *Papistrie*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light. That the life

of

of moſt Women is walking in their ſleep, and they talke their dreames. That Chambering is counted a ciuiller qualitie, then playing at tables in the Hall, though ſeruing-men vſe both That the beſt bedfellow for all times in the yeare, is a good bed without a fillow. That he who tumbles in a calm bed, hath his tempeſt within. That he who will riſe, muſt firſt lie downe and take humilitie in his way. That ſleepe is deaths picture drawne to life, or the twi-light of life and death. That in ſleepe wee kindely ſhake death by the hand, but when we are awaked, wee will not know him. That often ſleepings are ſo many trials to die, that at laſt we may do it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their Chamber: and that I haue none ſecret enough to tempt a ſtrangers curioſitie, or a Seruants diſcouerie.

God giue you good morrow.

B. R.

Newes of my Morning worke.

THat to be good, the way is to be most alone, or the best accompanied. That the way to heauen is mistaken for the most Melancholy-walke. That the most feare the worlds opinion, more then Gods displeasure. That a Court-friend seldome goes further then the first degree of Charitie. That the Diuell is the perfectest Courtier. That innocency was first cozen to man, now guiltinesse hath the neerest alliance. That sleepe is deaths Leger Embassador. That time can neuer be spent: wee passe by it and cannot returne. That none can be sure of more time then an instant. That sinne makes worke for repentance or the Diuell. That patience hath more power then afflictions. That euery ones memory is diuided into two parts: the part loosing all

all is the Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honesty in the Court liues in persecution, like Protestanss in Spaine. That Predestination and constancy are alike vncertaine to be iudged of. That reason makes loue the Seruing-man. That vertues fauour is better then a a Kings fauorite. That being sicke begins a suit to God, being wel possesseth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heauen, sickenesse the post-horse. That worldly delights to one in extreame sickenesse, is like a high candle to a blinde man. That absence doth sharpen loue, presence strengthens it; that the one brings fuell, the other blowes till it burnes cleere: that loue often breakes friendship, that euer encreaseth loue. That constancy of women, and loue in men, is alike rare. That Arts is truths Iugler. That falshood playes a larger part in the world then truth. That blinde zeale & lame knowledge are alike apt to ill. That fortune is humblest where most contemned.

temned. That no porter but reſoluti-on keepes feare out of mindes. That the face of goodneſſe without a body is the worſt wickedneſſe. That womens fortunes aſpire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit is the worſt *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not woorthy beeing a friend, wrongs himſelfe by beeing in acquaintence. That the worſt part of ignorance, is ma-king good and ill ſeeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Mris. B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

IT is ſayd among the folks here, that if a man die in his infancy, hee hath onely broke his faſt in this world: If in his youth, hee hath left vs at dinner. That it is bed-time with a man at three ſcore and ten; and hee that liues to a hun-

hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile after ſupper. That the humble-minded man makes the loweſt curtſie. That grace before meat, is our election before we were: grace after meat our ſaluation when wee are gone. The foule halts betweene two opinons, fals betweene two ſtooles. That a foole at the vpper end of the table, is the bread before the ſalt. He that hates to bee reproo-ued, ſits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapeſt ſawce, and nature the cheapeſt gueſt. The ſenſible man and the ſilent woman are the beſt diſcourſers. Repentance without amendment, is but the ſhifting of a foule trencher. He that tels a lie to ſaue his credit, wipes his mouth with his ſleeue to ſpare his napkin. The tongue of a ieſter is the fiddle that the hearts of the company dance to. The tongue of a foole carues a peece of his heart to euery man that ſits next him. A ſilent man is a couered meſſe. The contented man onely is his owne caruer. He

that

that hath many friends eates too much ſalt with his meat. That wit without diſcretion cuts other men meate and his owne fingers. That the ſoule of a chollericke man ſits euer by the fire ſide. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of aduerſity. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly into his purſe. That the beſt company makes the vpper end of the table, and not the ſaltſeller. The ſuperfluity of a mans poſſeſſions, is the broken meate that ſhould remaine to the poore. That the enuious keepes his knife in his hand, and ſwallowes his meat whole. A rich foole among the wiſe is a gilt empty bowle amongſt the thirſty. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. The water of life is the beſt wine. He that robs mee of my inuention, bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcom when he is gone. The vaine-glorious man piſſeth more then he drinks. That no man can drinke an health out of the

cup

cup of blessing. To surfet vpon wit, is more dangerous then to want it. He that's ouercom of any passiō is dry-drūk. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith, then the eye of reason. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith is the elbow for a heauy soule to lean on, He that sinnes that he may repent, surfets that hee may take physicke. Hee that riseth without thankesgiuing, goes away and owes for his ordinary. Hee that beginnes to repent when he is old, neuer washed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courses: childe-hood, youth, & old age. That to sup well, is to liue well: and that's the way to sleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he is dead. And therefore

Good night to you heere,
and good morrow heereafter,

I. C.

Newes

Newes from the Church.

IT is thought heere, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a crosse course that lye downe there. That those that will not rise, their souls must, and carry their bodies to Iudgement. That we haue spent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Iustice. That Christ when hee went away, left good seede in his Church; and when hee comes againe, he shall finde Christians, but not faith. That the Diuell hath got vpon vs, the same way that hee did at the first, by drawing shadowes ouer substances, as he did the body ouer the soule. That *Protestants* weare the name of Christ for a Charme, as *Papists* doe the Crosse. That States vse it, the Clergy liue by

it, the People follow it, more by a ſtream, then one by one. That all are religious rather then ſome. That euery one lookes to another, but not to himſelfe. That they go ſo by throngs to Heauen, that it is to bee feared they take the broader waye. That the Church is in the world, like a Ship in the Sea; the Elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongſt the Mariners. That to mend this, is to cheate the Diuell, to turne man the right ſide outward, and ſet the ſoule foremoſt againe. That the ſoule may be too ranke too, if wee looke not to it: and ſo a *Puritane* often times meets a *Papiſt* in ſuperſtition another way. That to binde from and to indifferent things, is equall, though it be thought otherwiſe. That ſome, out of a good meaning haue fallen this way into a vice. That theſe faults are more ſubtill; and therefore leſſe perceiued, and leſſe to be blamed; but as dangerous as the other, if they take heed. That the rule is in all things,

the

the body and the ſoule muſt goe together, but the better before. That wee haue contended ſo long about the body of Religion, that ſome men thought it was dead. That ſo, *Atheiſts* are come into the Church, and that it will be as hard to caſt them out as Diuels. That thoſe, which haue thus broken the peace of *Ieruſalem*, are obliged to ſatisfaction; and thoſe which firſt gaue them cauſe of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Compoſition. That a pure *Biſhop* is the beſt gouernment, if the pride on both ſides would let them know it. That all Controuerſies for the moſt part, leaue the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanſe the way for others, but not for themſelues. That ſincerity, in the cauſe of truth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, haue made the world mad. That we haue a

ſhorter cut to it, and a ſurer way then *Drake* had ouer the world, if wee could find it out. That euery man is a briefe of the whole; & as he is ſo, he is greater then a King. That euery King is a briefe of his Land, and hee hath a *Patterne* of the gouernment of it alwayes about him. That as the honour that he giues vnto his Nobles and Counſellours is a charge; ſo is that which God giues him. That as hee requires an account, ſo he muſt giue. That he is the Image of God in his Kingdome, as man is in the World. That therefore the Subiects owe him obedience, as the Creatures doe Man. That thoſe that will not obey, are neither good Subiects, nor good men. That to obey well, is as great a thing as to gouerne, and more mens duties. That thoſe that thinke not ſo, know not the Chriſtians part, which is to ſuffer. That though States bee naught, if they profeſſe Religion, they may deliuer many men ſafe to Heauen, though they goe

not

not themſelues, and ſo they are like bad Miniſters. That this is Gods vſe of both, and of the world too, to conuey his Elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the ſame vſe, and the Elect are the Church themſelues. That they are the Temple of the holy Ghoſt, and therefore ought to plucke downe their Idols, and ſet vp God there. That the Idolles of theſe times, are Couetouſneſſe, Pride, Gluttony, Wantonneſſe, Hereſies, and ſuch like admiration and ſeruing of our ſelues. That we muſt make all time an occaſion of amendment, becauſe the Diuell makes it an occaſion to tempt. That he is a Spirit, and therefore is cunninger then we. That there is no way to reſiſt him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his Maſter. That this is the gift of God, which he giueth to all that are his. That it is encreaſed by the word, and held by humility and prayer. That Faith is the effect of it, and workes the aſſurance.

That thus the vnderſtanding and will, which is the whole ſoule of man, is made vp againe, and ſanctifies the body. That ſo wee are the members of Chriſt. That our Head is in Heauen, as a Pawne, that where he is, we ſhall bee. That there is no opinion but knowledge; for it is the Science of ſoules, and God the Teacher.

I. R.

Newes from the Bed.

THat the bed is the beſt Rendevou of mankinde, aud the moſt neceſſarie ornament of a Chamber.

That Souldiers are good antiquaries in keeping the old faſhion, for the firſt bed was the bare ground.

That a mans pillow is his beſt Counſeller.

That

That *Adam* lay in ſtate, when the heauen was his canopie.

That the naked truth is, *Adam* and *Eue* lay without ſheets.

That they were either very innocent, very ignorant, or very impudent, they were not aſhamed the heauens ſhould ſee them lye without a couerlet

That it is likely *Eue* ſtudied Aſtronomie, which makes the poſteritie of her Sex euer ſince to lye on their backs.

That the circumference of the bed, is nothing ſo wide as the conuex of the heauens, yet it contains a whole world.

That the fiue Senſes are the greateſt ſleepers.

That a ſlothfull man is but a reaſonable Dormouſe.

That the Soule euer wakes to watch the bodie.

That a Iealous man ſleeps dog-ſleep.

That ſleep makes no difference between a wiſe man and a foole.

That for all times ſleep is the beſt bedfellow.

That the deuill and miſchiefe euer wake.

That Loue is a dreame.

That the prepoſterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleaſing dreames, fartheſt off when awake.

That the bed payes *Venus* more curſtome then all the world beſide.

That if dreames and wiſhes had been all true, there had not been ſince Poperie, one Maide to make a Nun of.

That the ſecure man ſleeps ſoundly, and is hardly to be awak't.

That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but ſtarts to thinke the vngodly Courtier will pull them downe againe.

That great ſleepers were neuer dangerous in a ſtate.

That there is a naturall reaſon, why popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſſe their women vpon, for they hold it neceſſarie, that humiliation ſhould follow ſhrift.

That if the bed ſhould ſpeake all it knowes

knowes, it would put many to the bluſh.

That it is fit the bed ſhould know more then paper.

R.S.

Newes from Shipbord.

THat Repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake.

That he that liues without Religion, ſayles without a compaſſe.

That the wantonneſſe of a peacefull Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpeſſe before a ſtorme.

That the foole is Sea-ſick in a Calme, but the Wiſemans ſtomacke endures all weathers.

That paſſions in a foole are Ord'nance broken looſe in a ſtorm, that alter their pro-

propertie of offending others and ruine himselfe.

That good Fortunes are a soft quick-sand, aduersitie a rocke; both equally dangerous.

That Vertue in pouertie is a ready rigg'd Ship that lyes wind-bound.

That good fashion in a man is like the Pilot in a Ship, that doth most with least force.

That a Fooles tongue is like the buye of an Ankor, you shall finde his heart by it wheresoeuer it lyes.

Wisdome makes vse of the crosses of this world, as skilfull Pylots of Rocks for Sea-marks to saile by.

H, R.

Newes from the Chimney corner.

THat wit is Bruſhwood, Iudgment Timber: the one giues the greateſt flame, the other yeelds the durableſt heat, and both meeting makes the beſt fire.

That Bawdes and Atturneyes are Andyrons that hold vp their Clyents till they burne each other to Aſhes: they receiue warmth by theſe; theſe by them their deſtruction.

That a Wiſe-rich-man is like the backe or ſtocke of the Chimney, and his wealth the fire, it receiues not for it owne need, but to reflect the heat to others good.

That Houſe-keeping in England is falne from a great fire in a hot ſummers day, to boughes in the Chimney all winter long.

That

That mans reaſon in matter of faith is Fire, in the firſt degree of his aſcent flame, next ſmoake, and then nothing.

A young fellow falne in loue with a Whore, is ſaid to be falne aſleepe in the Chimney corner.

Hee that leaues his friend for his wench, forſakes his bed to ſit vp and watch a coale.

That the couetous rich man onely freezes before the fire.

That Choller is an ill gueſt that piſſes in the Chimney for want of a Chamber-pot.

That chaſte Beautie is like the bellowes, whoſe breath is cold, yet makes others burne.

That hee that expounds the Scriptures vpon the warrant of his owne ſpirit only, layes the brands together without tongs, and is ſure (at leaſt) to burne his owne fingers.

That the Louer keeps a great fire in's houſe all the yeere long.

That deuotion, like fire in froſtie wea-

weather, burnes hotteſt in affliction.

That ſuch Fryers as flie the world for the trouble of it, lye in bed all day in winter to ſpare firewood.

That a couetous man is a dog in a wheele, that toyles to roaſt meat for other mens eating.

The Pagans worſhipping the Sunne are ſaid to hold their hands to the Gloworme in ſtead of a coale for heat.

That a Wiſemans heart is like a broad hearth, that keeps the coales (his paſſions) from burning the houſe.

That good deeds in this life, are coales raked vp in embers, to make a fire next day.

FINIS.